YOE® COMICS
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#62

Popeye®

• Classic Comics •

POPEYE

BALL BONANZA

BAM!

CRASH

AHOY! KIN I HAVE ME BALL BACK?

?

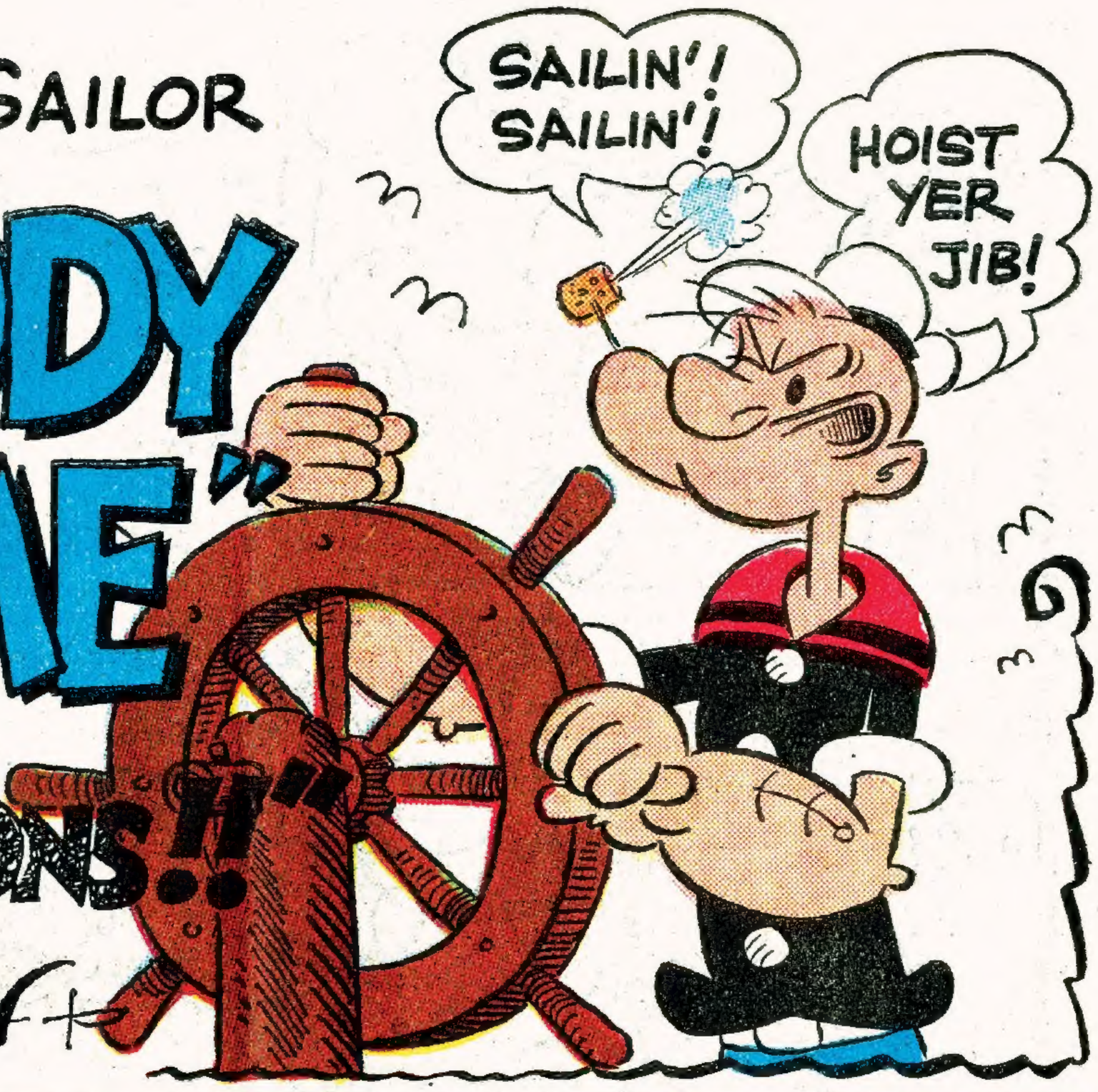
?

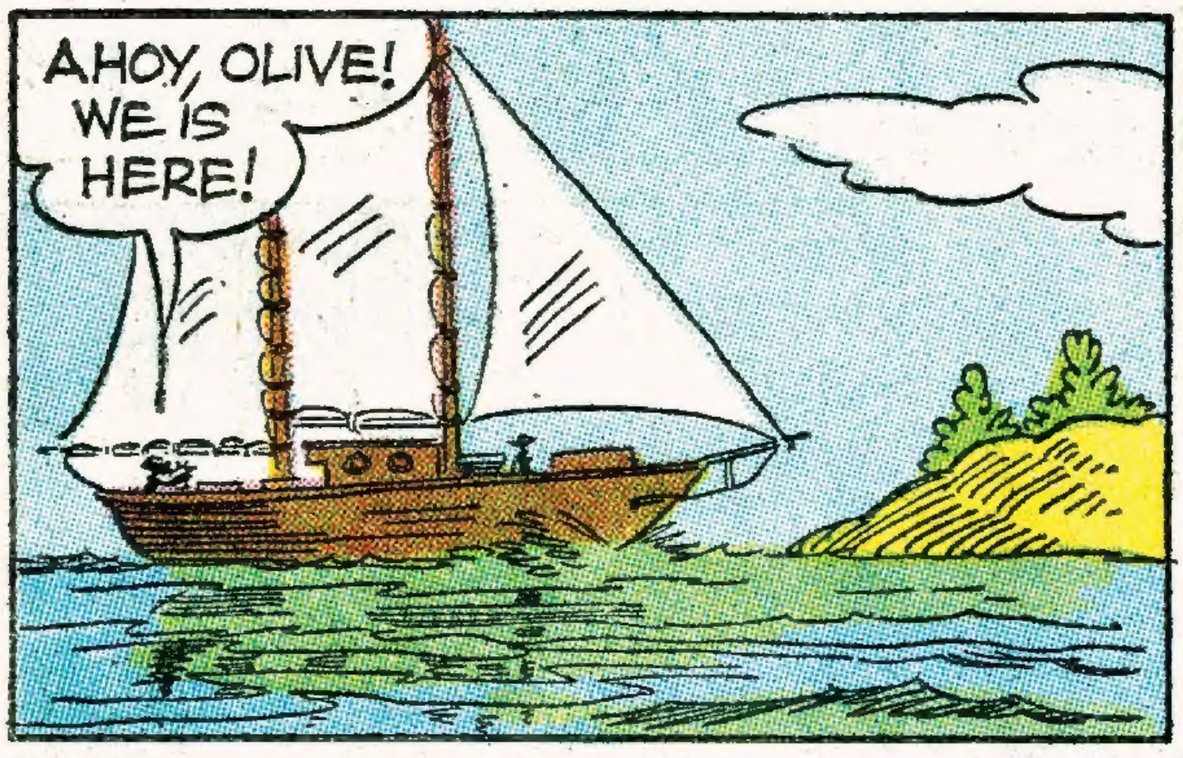
?

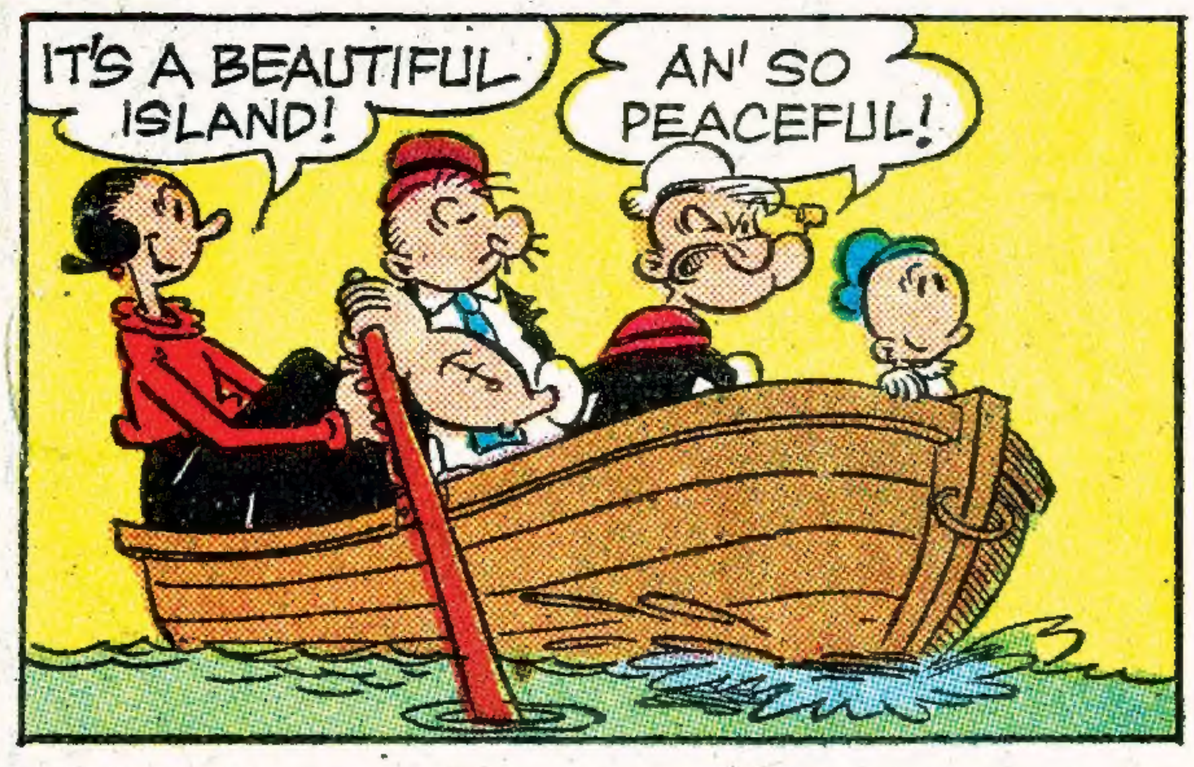
ACE BASEBALL FACTORY

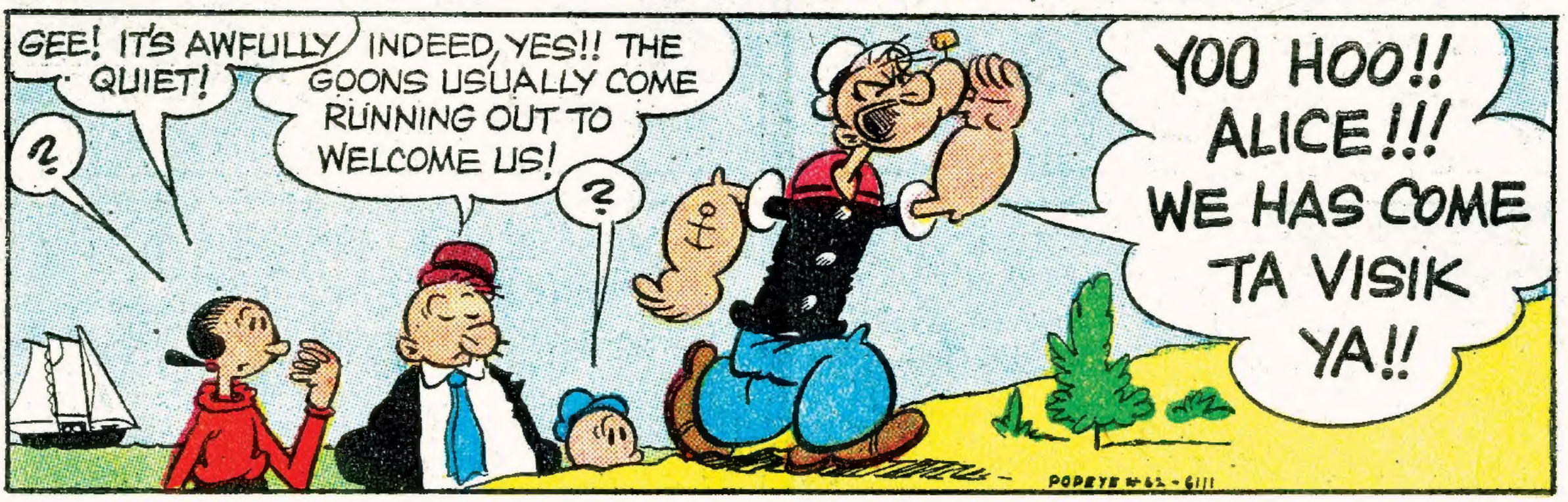
POPEYE THE SAILOR IN "NOBODY HOME" OR "GONE GOONS!!"

BY BUD SAGENDORF








GEE! IT'S AWFULLY QUIET!
?
INDEED, YES!! THE GOONS USUALLY COME RUNNING OUT TO WELCOME US!
?
YOO HOO!! ALICE!!! WE HAS COME TA VISIK YA!!
POPEYE #62 - 61!!

Reprinted from *Popeye* #62, November-December 1961. Written and drawn by Bud Sagendorf.

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BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHERE IS EVERYONE?
!
?
THESE WOODS IS USUALLY FULL OF GOONS.
?
IT'S QUITE SPOOKY, OL' PAL!! I DON'T EVEN HEAR ANY BIRDS SINGING!
LET'S TRY NOT TO SCARE OLIVE!
THEY IS SUMPIN' ARFUL WRONG, AN' IF OLIVE GETS WIND OF IT, SHE MIGHT HAVE A FIT!
WHERE **IS** THE YOUNG LADY?
SHE WAS HERE A MINUTE AGO!
AHOY, OLIVE!
SHE'S OVER THERE, POPEYE!!
AVAST, OLIVE... WHY DIDN'T YA ANSWER ME?
OLIVE!! I YAM SPEAKIN' TO YA!! SAY SUMPIN'!

AVAST, YA SILLY DAME!! WHA'S WRONG?

TAP

WA' TH'?

?

?

?

YIKE!

CRASH

OLIVE!! WHAT IS IT!?

WHAT IS WRONG?

BLUB EEFLE GEEK!

HM? SHE IS TRYIN' TO TELL ME SUMPIN' BUT I DOES NOT UN'NERSTAN' HER!

?

GLACK, GLUG' SNERK

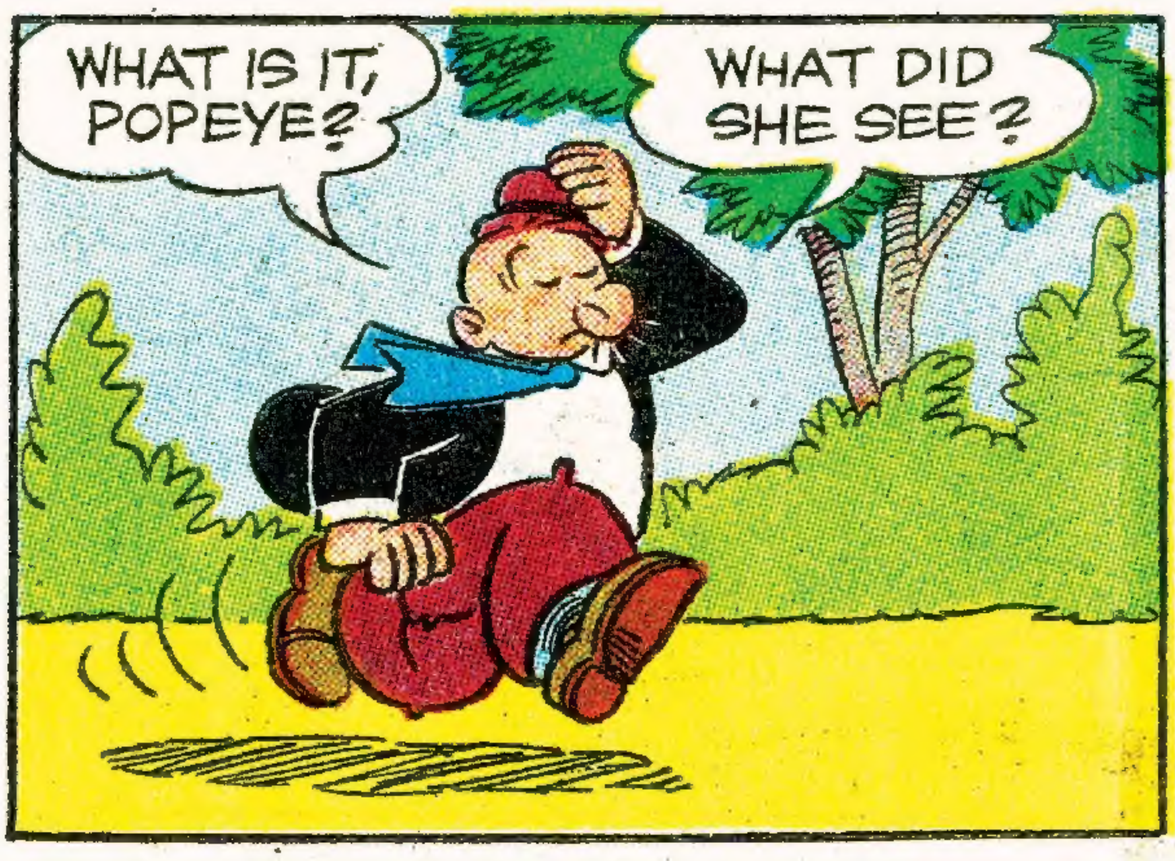
NOW SHE IS POINTIN' OVER THERE! HM? SHE WANTS ME TO SEE SUMPIN'!

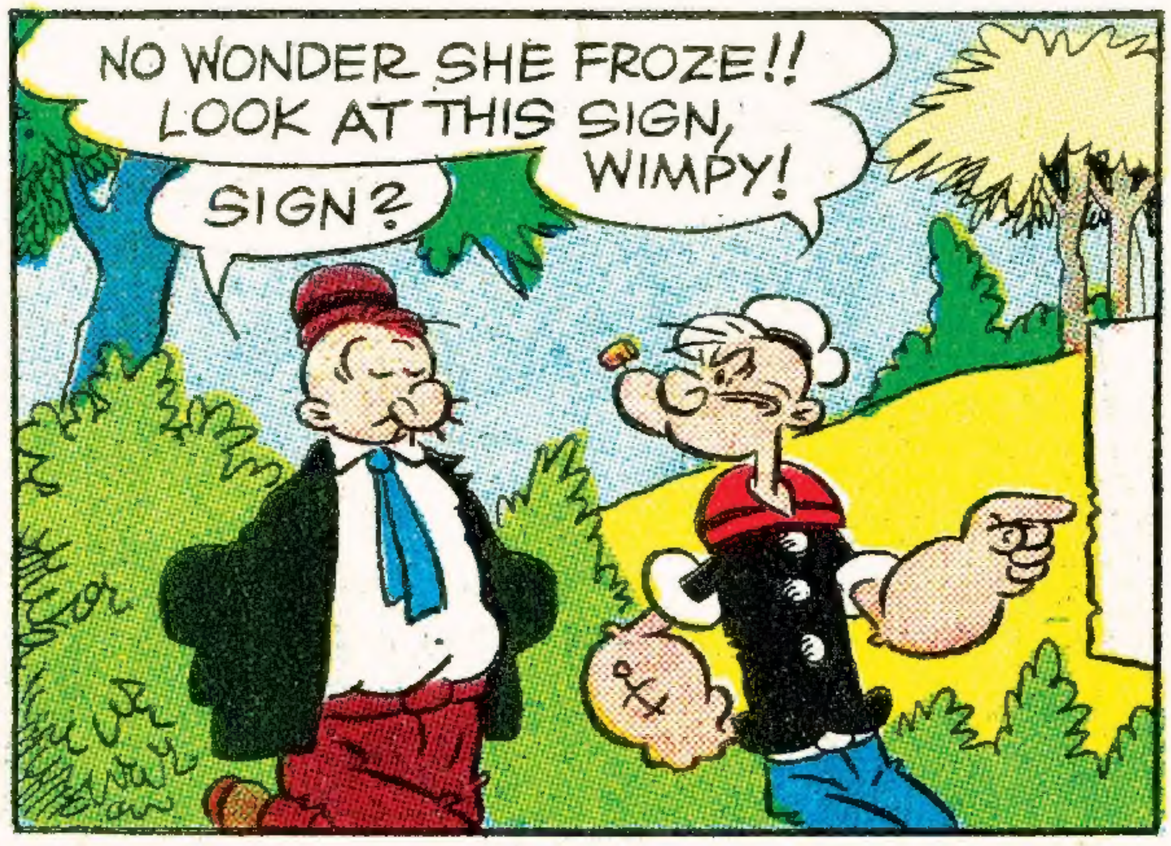
EEEEEEEK!! EEEEEK!

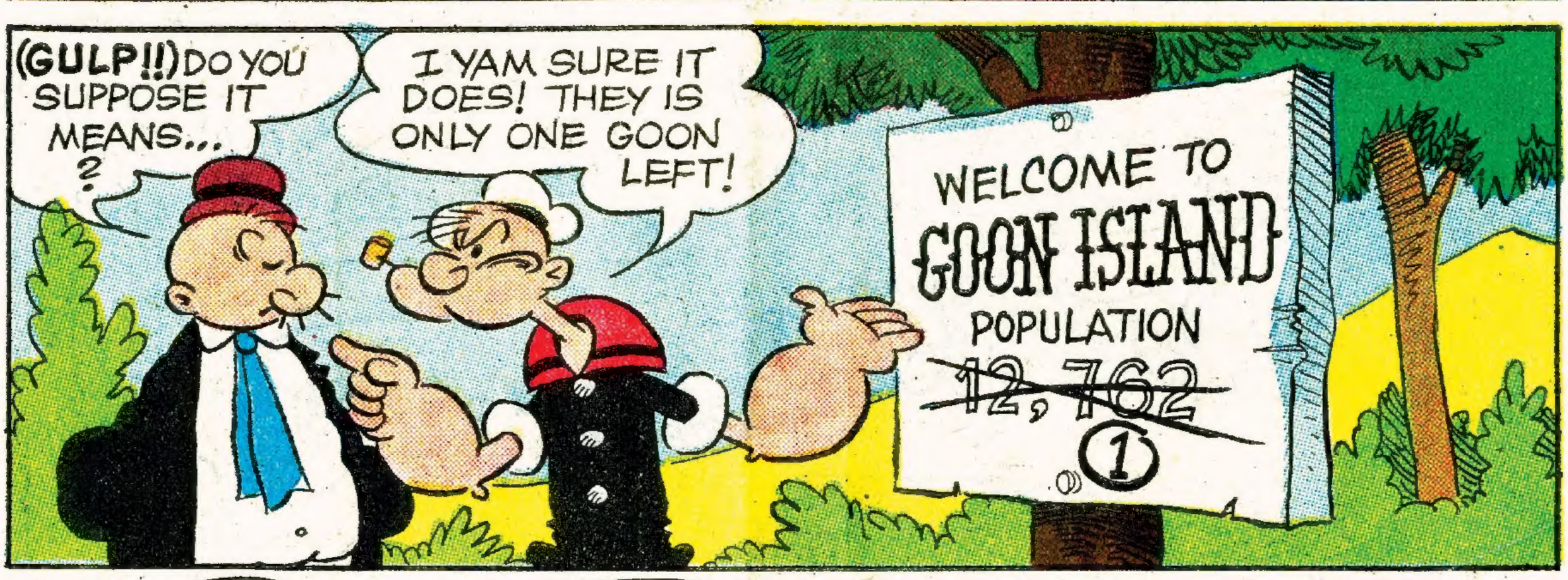
GULP!

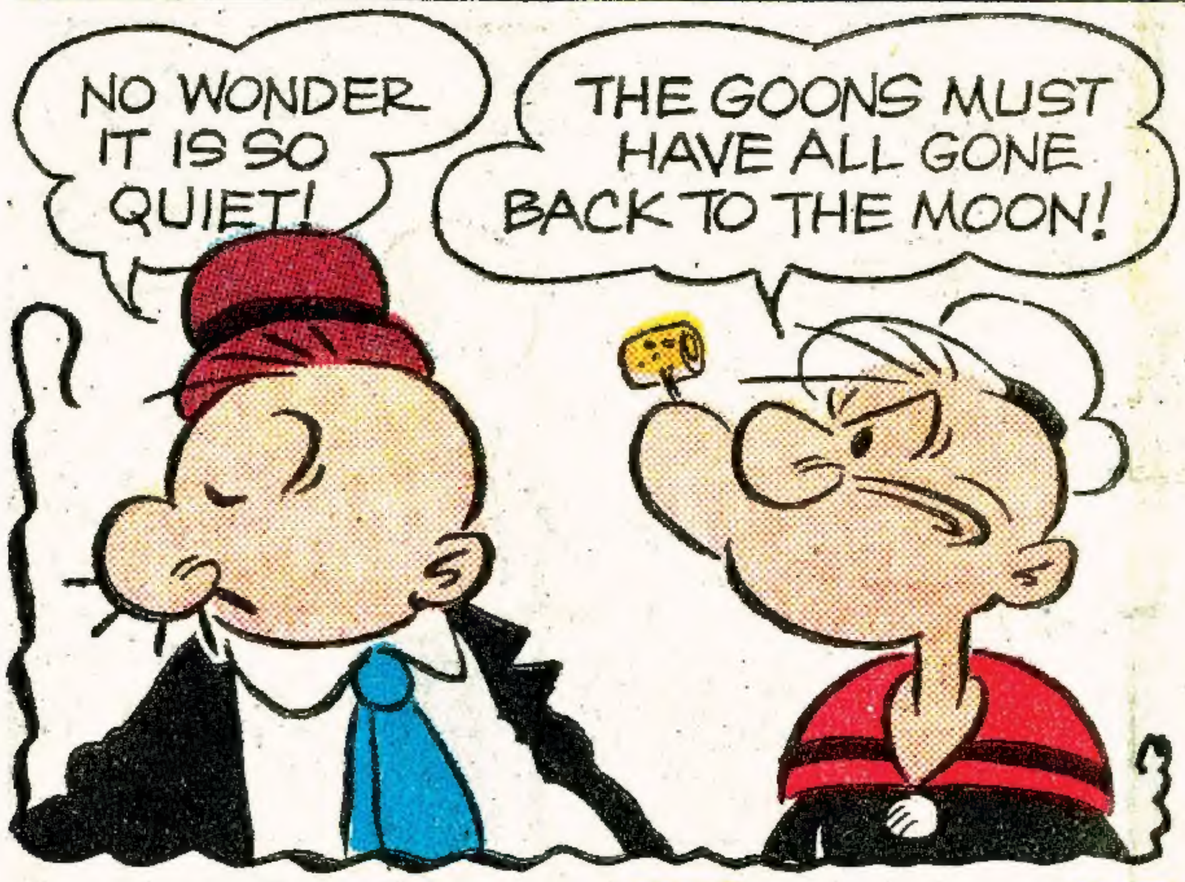
OH, MY GORSH!

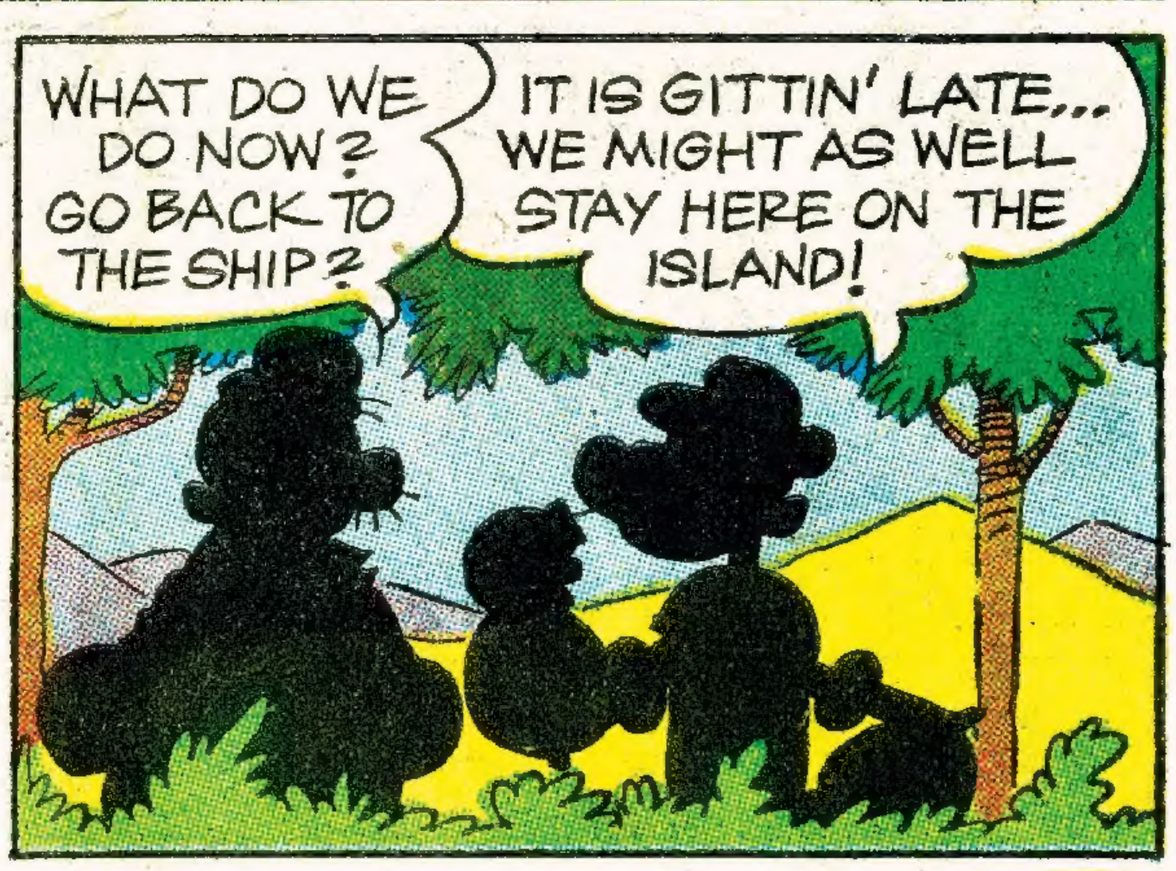
GULP!

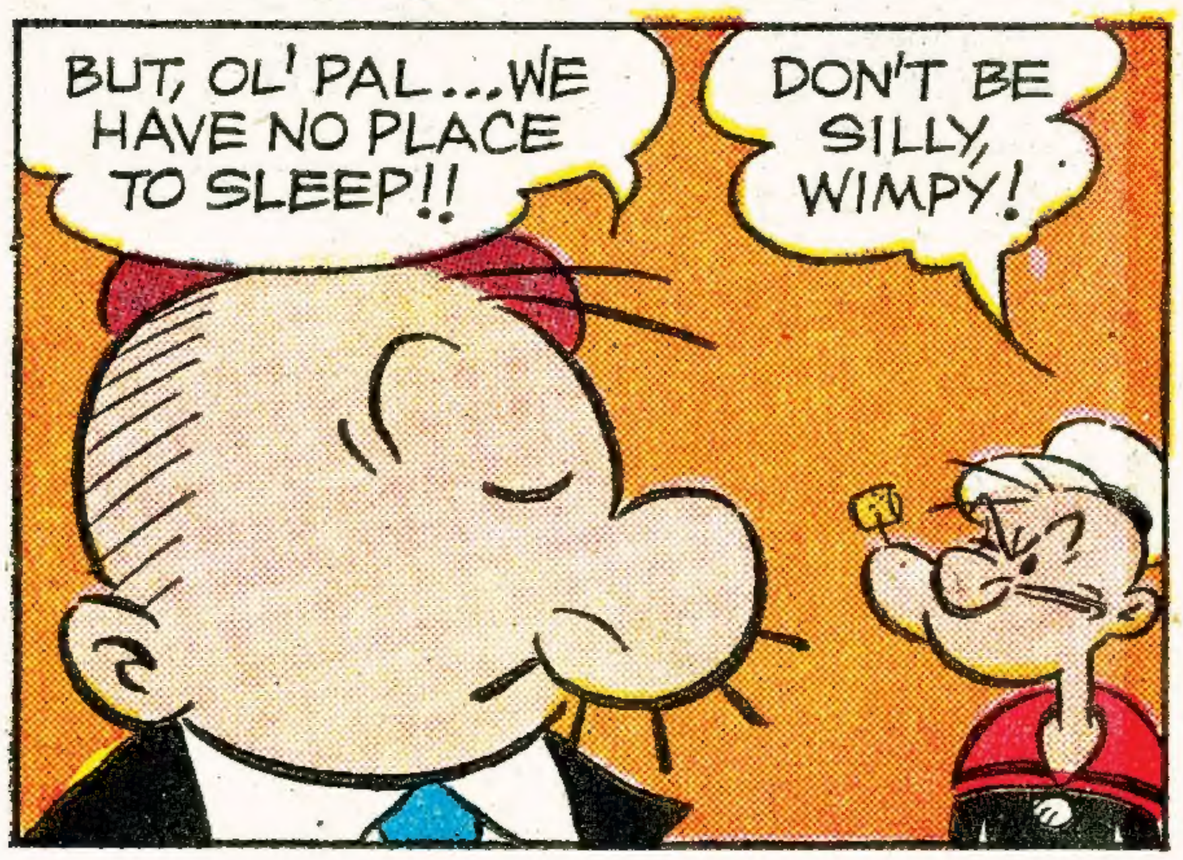

WHAT IS IT, POPEYE?
WHAT DID SHE SEE?

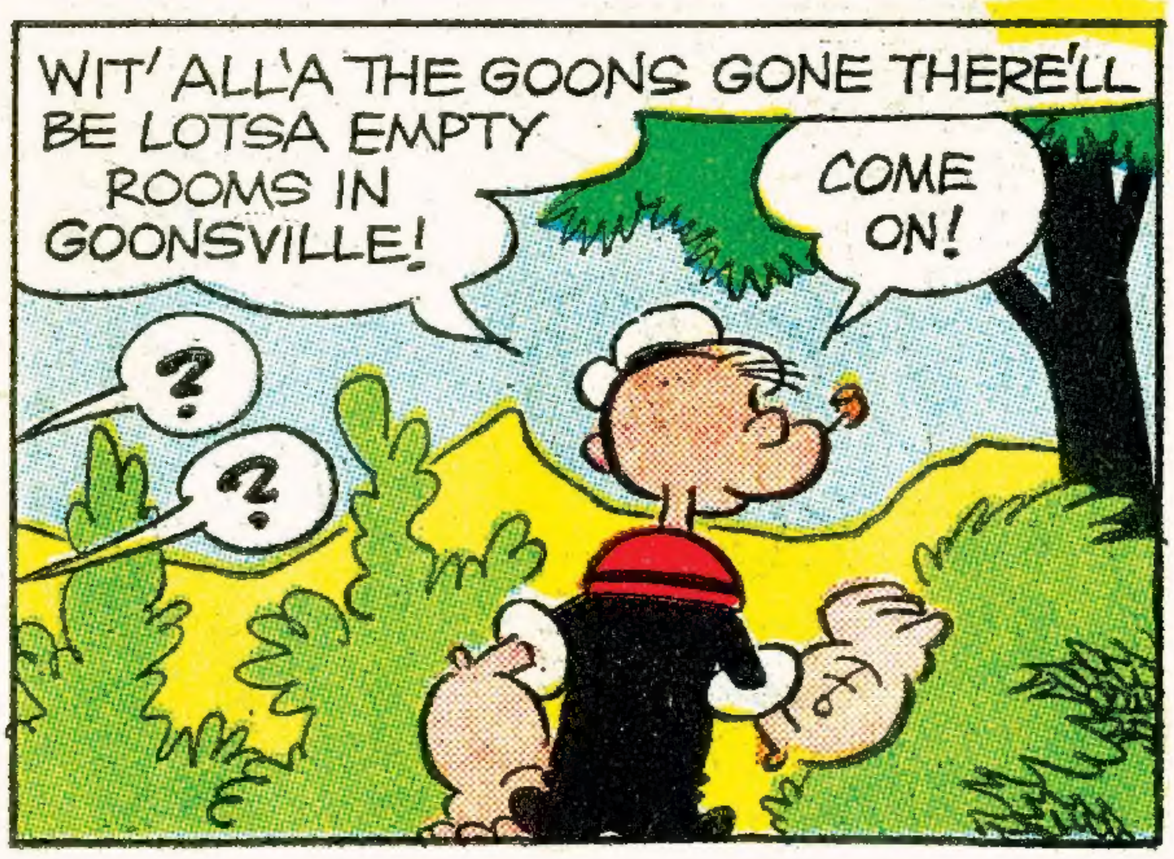

NO WONDER SHE FROZE!! LOOK AT THIS SIGN, WIMPY!
SIGN?


(GULP!!) DO YOU SUPPOSE IT MEANS...?
I YAM SURE IT DOES! THEY IS ONLY ONE GOON LEFT!
WELCOME TO GOON ISLAND
POPULATION
~~12,762~~
1


NO WONDER IT IS SO QUIET!
THE GOONS MUST HAVE ALL GONE BACK TO THE MOON!


WHAT DO WE DO NOW? GO BACK TO THE SHIP?
IT IS GITTIN' LATE... WE MIGHT AS WELL STAY HERE ON THE ISLAND!


BUT, OL' PAL...WE HAVE NO PLACE TO SLEEP!!
DON'T BE SILLY, WIMPY!


WIT' ALL'A THE GOONS GONE THERE'LL BE LOTSA EMPTY ROOMS IN GOONSVILLE!
COME ON!
?
?

WE KIN STAY IN A GOONSVILLE HOTEL AN' TOMORROW WE KIN HEAD FER HOME!

HOTEL

GOONSVILLE CAFÉ

HOTEL

COME ON, GANG... PICK YERSELVES A ROOM!

HOTEL

AHOY, IS EVERYONE OKAY?

HOTEL

I'VE GOT A NICE ROOM, POPEYE!

I HOPE THEY SERVE HAMBURGERS FOR BREAKFAST!

HOTEL

BLOW OUT THE LIGHT, SWEE' PEA, AN' LE'S GIT SOME SLEEP!

Z-Z-Z-Z-Z

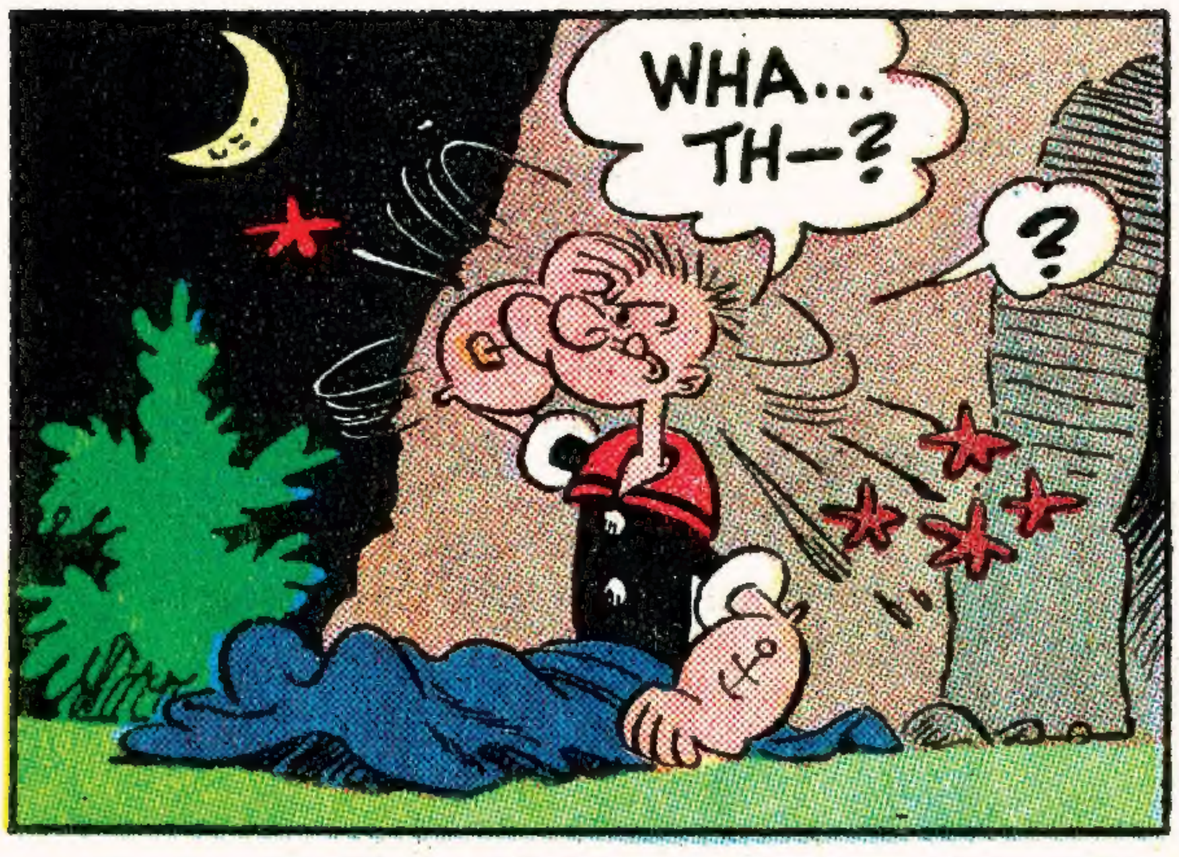
N N

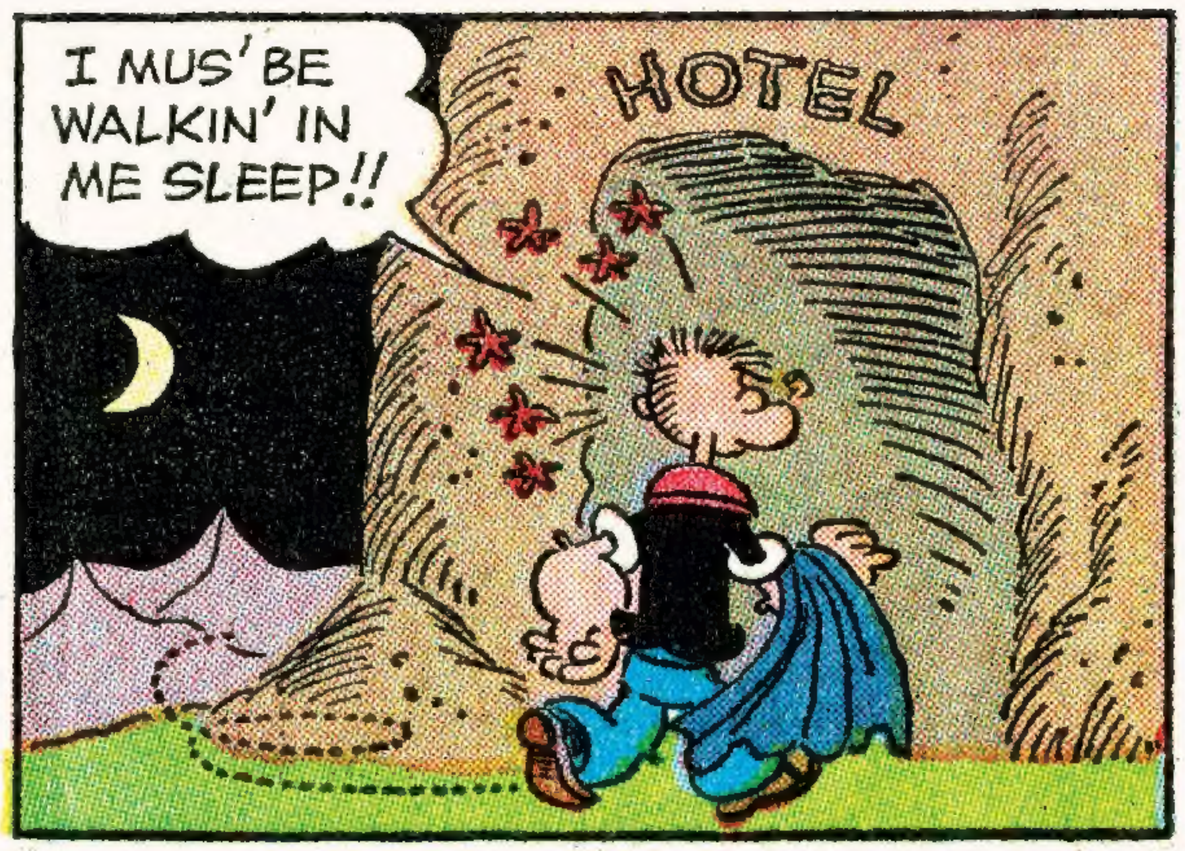
Z Z Z Z Z Z

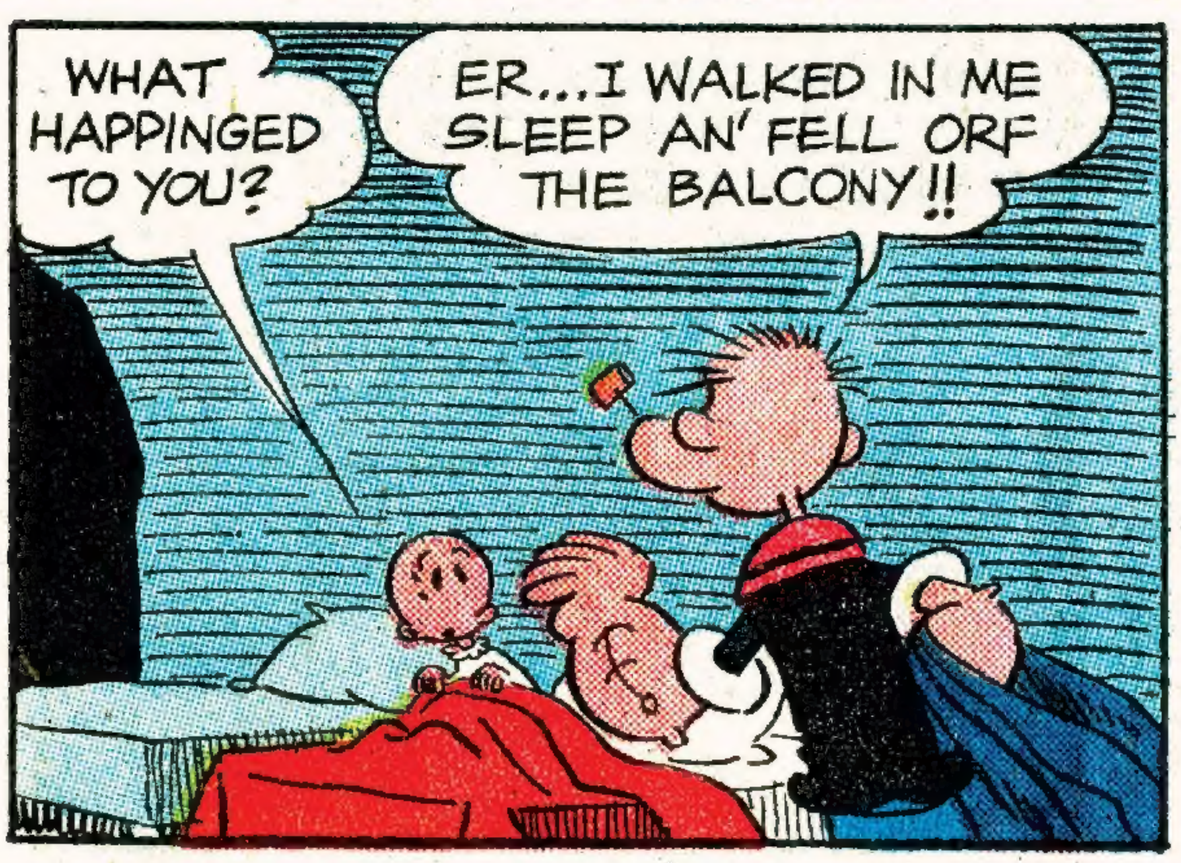
Z Z

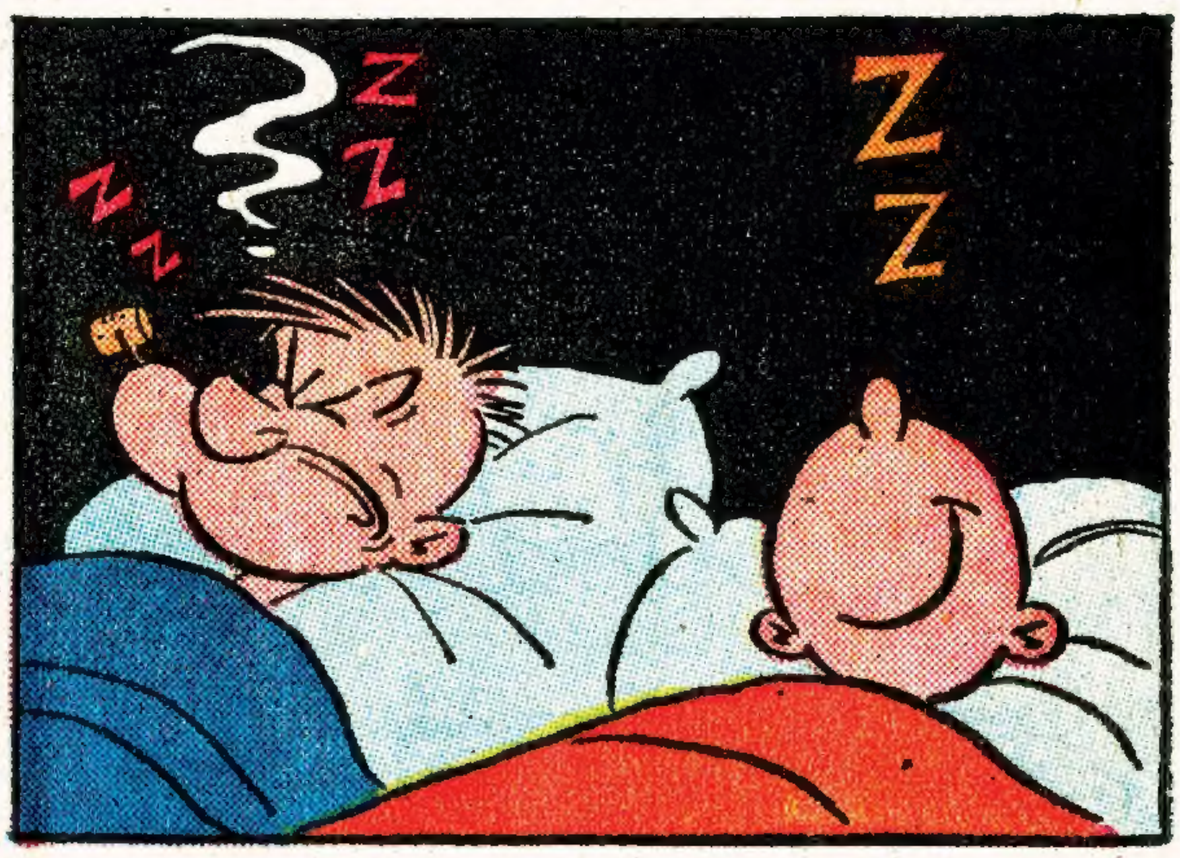
Z Z Z Z Z Z Z Z

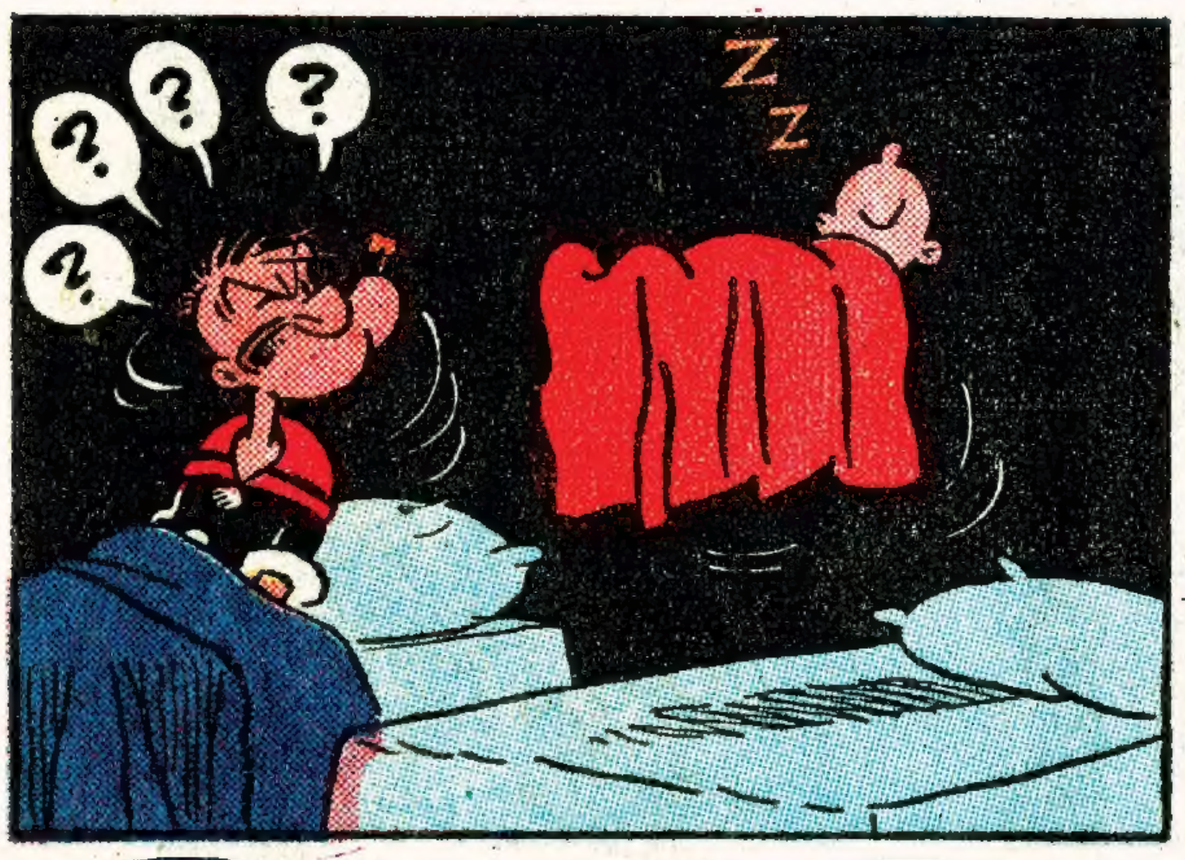
CRASH

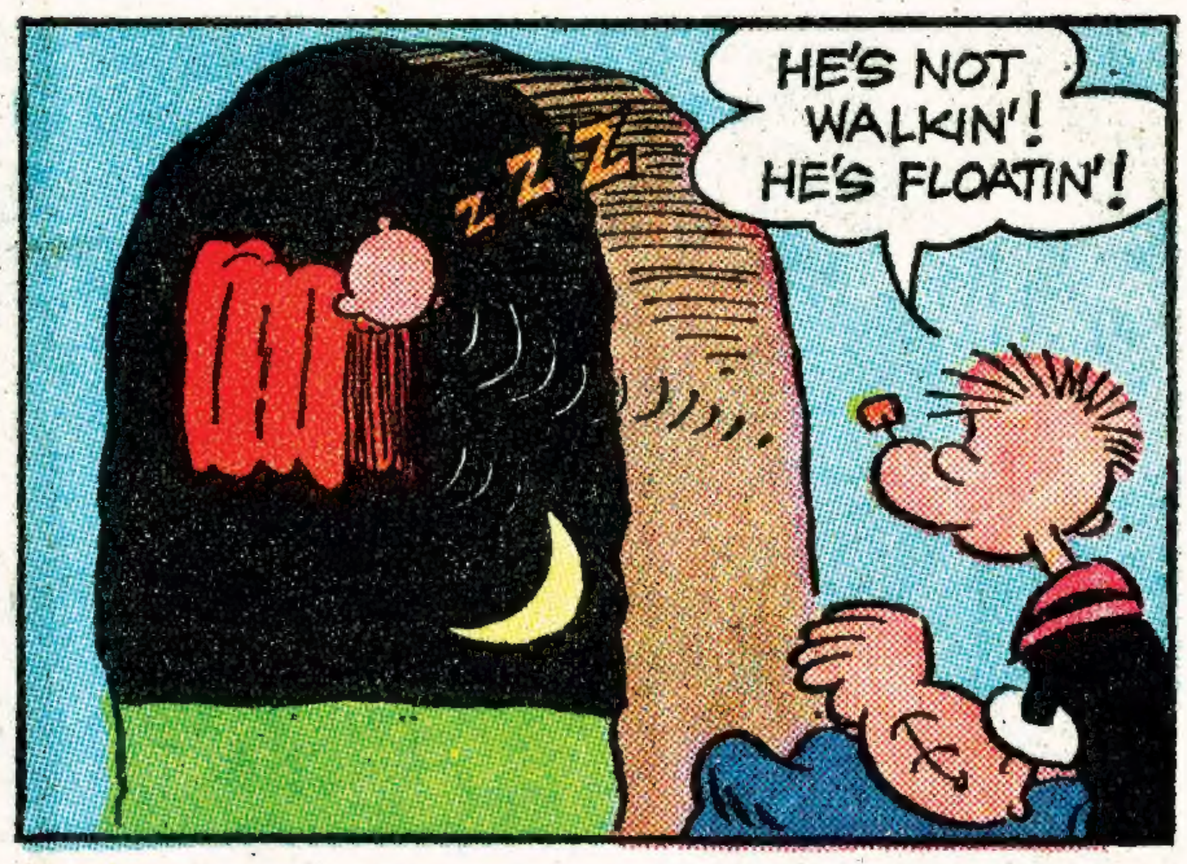

WHA... TH—?
?

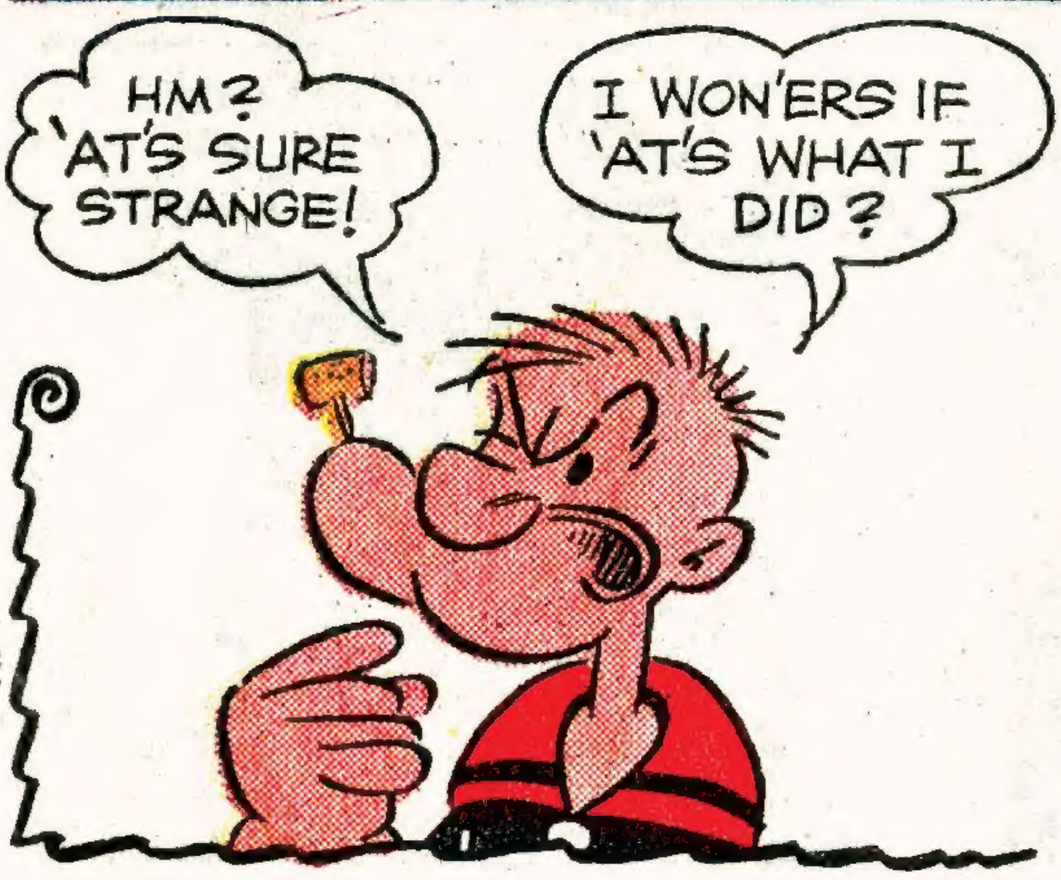

I MUS' BE WALKIN' IN ME SLEEP!!
HOTEL

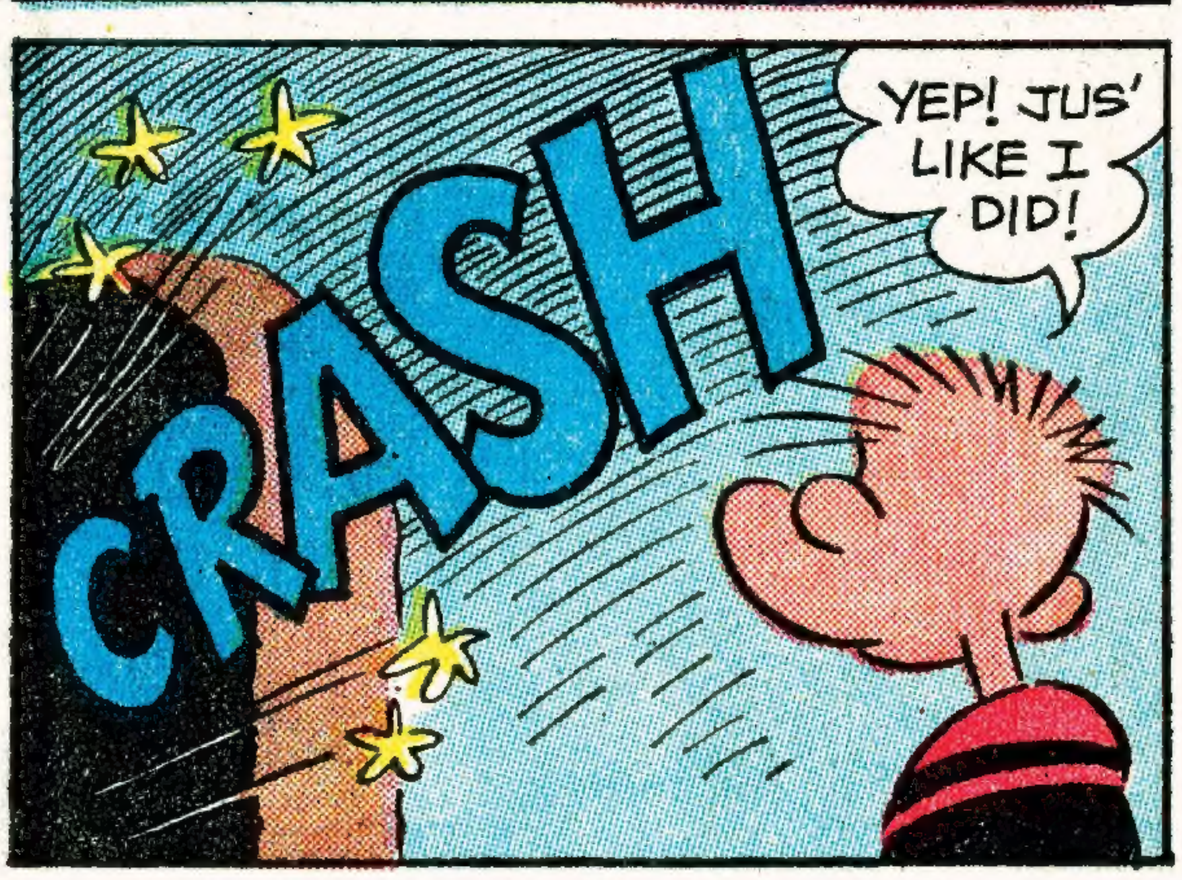

WHAT HAPPINGED TO YOU?
ER...I WALKED IN ME SLEEP AN' FELL ORF THE BALCONY!!


Z Z Z
Z Z Z


? ? ? ?
Z Z Z


HE'S NOT WALKIN'! HE'S FLOATIN'!
Z Z Z


HM? 'AT'S SURE STRANGE!
I WON'ERS IF 'AT'S WHAT I DID?


CRASH!
YEP! JUS' LIKE I DID!

OH, MY GORSH!?! HERE I GOES AGAIN!

THIS IS GITTIN' MONOTONOUS!!

I DIDN'T WALK IN ME SLEEP!! SOMETHIN' PICKED ME UP AN' TOSSED ME OUT!

ME, TOO... I THINK

IT MUST BE A GHOSK OR A BLASTID WITCH!!

YOU'RE FORGETTING OL' PAL...

...THE SIGN SAID THERE WAS **ONE GOON LEFT** ON THE ISLAND!

BLOW ME DOWN, WIMPY! YA IS RIGHT!

I BET HE KIN TELL US WHAT IS GOIN' ON!

YOU'LL HAVE TO FIND HIM FIRST.

HA! THAT'LL BE EASY!!

AHOY!! THIS IS POPEYE THE SAILOR!! WHERE IS YA?

AHOY!! THIS IS POPEYE!!

ER...POPEYE, I THINK YOU'VE FOUND HIM!

?

ARE YOU SURE THEY CONSIDER YOU A FRIEND?

OF COURSE, WIMPY!! I HAS ALWAYS BEEN A PAL TO THE GOONS!

? ? ?

BONK

!

THEY HAVE A PECULIAR WAY OF GREETING A PAL!

PHOOEY! BLAST! GIT READY TA FIGHT, YA SWAB! I YAM COMIN' AFTER YA!

NO BLASTID GOON IS GONER HIT ME WIT' A ROCK!

!

ARF! ARF! ARF! HO! HO!

?

?

?

IT IS JUS' A LI'L KID GOON!!

!

WAS YOU THE ONE WHAT TOSSED US OUT OF THE HOTEL?

MMMMMM!

BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHY DID YA DO IT?

MMMMMMMMM!

MMMMM

WHAT DID HE SAY, OL' PAL?

IT'S **TERRIBLE**, WIMPY! HE THOUGHT WE COMED TO CAPTURE HIM!

A HORRIBLE MAN FROM A NEARBY ISLAND HAS BEEN RAIDIN' 'EM AND CARRYIN' 'EM ORF TO HIS ISLAND!

HE MAKES 'EM WORK LIKE SLAVES ON HIS FARMS AN' MINES!

GOOD HEAVENS!! IF THERE'S ONLY ONE ENEMY, WHY DON'T THEY FIGHT HIM?

THEY DOESN'T KNOW HOW!

GOONS IS THE MOS' PEACEABLE CRITTERS THEY IS! THEY DOESN'T KNOW HOW TO FIGHT!!

MMMMMM?

I WOULD GO OVER AN' SAVE 'EM GOONS BUT THE LI'L GOON DOESN'T KNOW WHICH OF THE ISLANDS THEY IS ON!

THERE'RE HUNDREDS OF ISLANDS IN THIS PART OF THE OCEAN!!

I WILL HAVE TO GET THE SWAB OVER HERE WHERE I KIN MAKE HIM BRING THE GOONS BACK!

SOUNDS IMPOSSIBLE, BUT LOGICAL!

SWEE'PEA, ROW OUT TO THE SHIP AN' GIT ME OLIVE'S FUR COAT, A PAIR OF SHEARS AN' SOME GLUE!

?

THIS COAT IS SWELL!!

I YAM GO'NER SET A TRAP WIT' IT!!

HOT DORG!! THIS WILL BRING HIM RUNNIN'!!

? ? ?

WHEEEEEEE! I YAMA GOON!!

I'M A GOON!!

mmmm!

mmmmmmmmm!

AHOY, MISTER SWAB... I YAMA PEACEFUL GOON! COME AND CAPTURE ME!!

DO YOU THINK HE'S SPOTTED YOU?

YEAH! THEY IS A BOAT COMIN' FROM ONE OF THE ISLANDS!

YOU KEEP OUT OF SIGHT! I YAM GOIN' TA LET HIM CAPTURE ME!

OH! HELP! HELP!

THIS LI'L GOON DOESN'T WANT TO BE CAPTURED!

!!WWW!

I WONDER HOW I MISSED THIS ONE? HE'S A FRISKY FELLOW!

HEY, YOU!!

GET IN THAT BOAT BEFORE I GET ROUGH!

OH, GOODY! GOODY!! THIS LI'L GOON IS GOIN' FER A BOAT RIDE!

?

?

?

WHEEEE!!

IS WE GOIN' ON A PICNIC?

IS THIS A JOY RIDE OR IS IT THE OTHER KIND?

POW

SHUD UP!

HERE! TAKE THE OARS AND ROW!

UGH! THIS IS A GABBY ONE!

OKAY! PULL INTO THAT BEACH!

IS THIS WHERE YA BROUGHT ALL OF THE OTHER GOONERS!

YEAH!

WHERE IS THEY ?

THEY'RE ALL UNDER GROUND WORKING IN MY GOLD MINE!

?

HA! HA! BETTER TAKE A LAST LOOK AT THE SUN !! NO GOON EVER COMES OUT OF MY MINE ALIVE!

HA! HA!

OH, MY GORSH!

?

ER—WHAT'S WRONG?

?

?

'AT'S TERRIBLE!!

YER SHOE IS UNTIED!

I FEELS LIKE I YAM GO'NER BE A NAUGHTY GOON!

?

?

POW

CRACK

YA BLASTID GOON THIEF!

IT SOUNDS LIKE POPEYE HAS STOPPED BEING A GOON AND IS NOW A FIGHTING SAILOR!

!

BAM!

POW!

WHAT'S THAT WEIRD THING LEAVING THE ISLAND!

HM? IT'S A STRANGE SHAPE!

IT'S...IT'S A BOATLOAD OF GOONS!

POPEYE HAS WON!

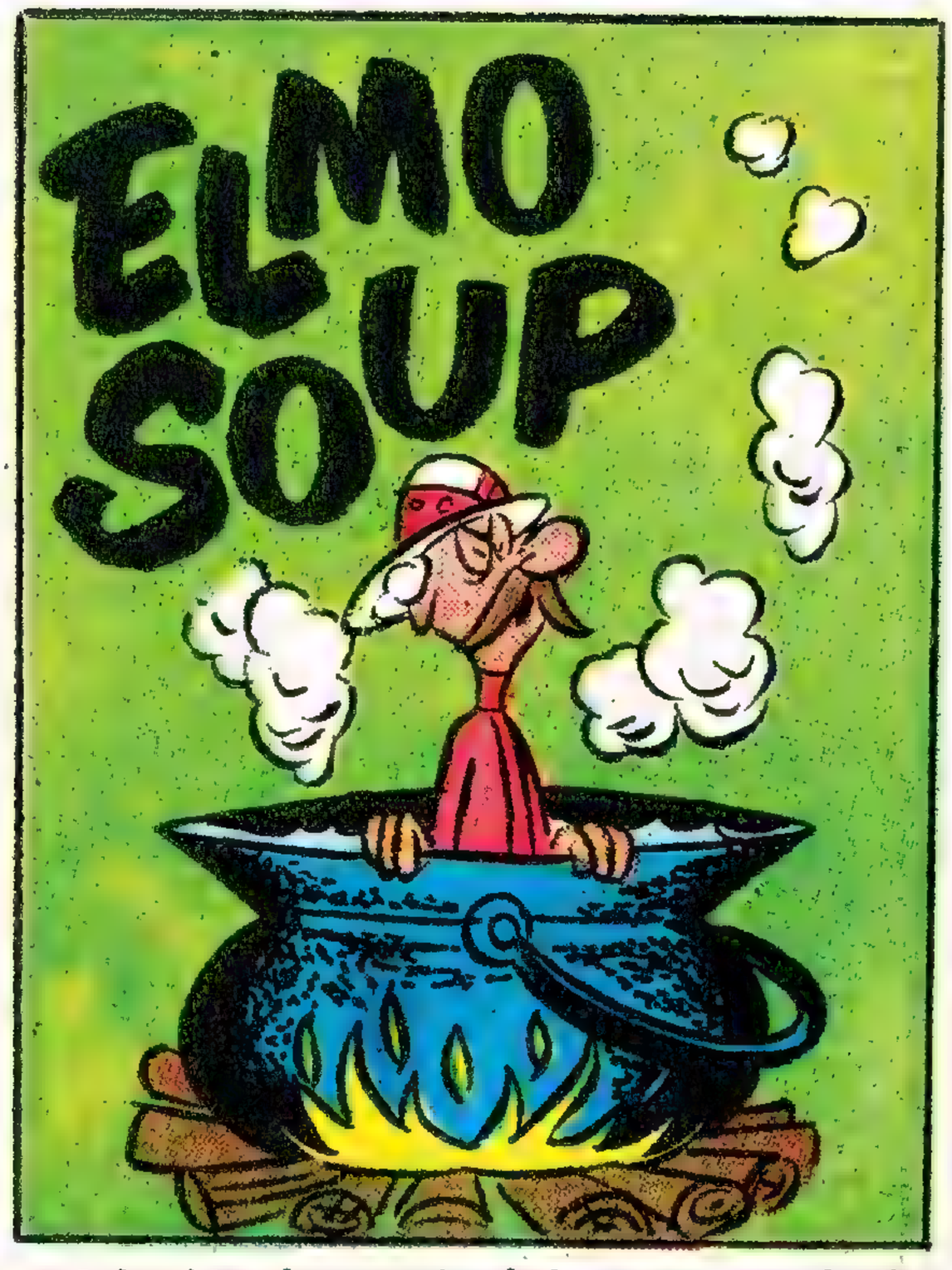
HOORAY FOR POPEYE!

SWIM A STRAIGHT COURSE, YA SWAB!! YA HAS A HUN'RED TRIPS SO DON'T WASTE YER ENERGIES!

WWW!

WWW!

WWW!



John Hardy watched the potatoes boiling in the campfire pot. "Reminds me of cannibals," he said, shuddering.

"What does?" his Uncle Elmo asked.

"Those potatoes bobbing up and down. The big pot on the open fire and all."

His Uncle Elmo nodded, with a faraway look in his eyes. "Now that you mention it," he said, "it reminds me of the time *I* was cooked in a cannibal pot."

John stared. "*You* were cooked in a cannibal pot?"

"It was some years ago when I was exploring the nether reaches of Patagonia." John's Uncle Elmo looked across at his nephew slyly. "Want to hear the rest of it?"

John looked fondly back at his uncle, the famous explorer and story-teller. "Don't you dare stop now," he said.

"The day started calmly enough," Uncle Elmo said. "I had finished my breakfast of breadfruit and coconuts, and started up a hill to examine a ruined temple. The cannibal tribe was coming up the other side of the hill. We met face to face at the top."

"What did you do?" John asked breathlessly.

"There were only about 30 of the cannibal war party, so I gave chase—"

"You chased the cannibals?"

"No, they chased me. It was my plan to trick them, you see. Lead them deep into the jungle and get them lost."

"Get them lost in their own country?"

"Well, they had such a hungry look in their eyes. I didn't think they'd notice where we were going."

"Where were you going?"

"It doesn't seem important now. Where I went was into their stew pot."

"How did that happen?"

"It's the little things in the lives of men and nations that trip them up. I fell into one of their diabolically concealed tiger pits. I killed all three tigers with my bare hands, but while I was doing it, they captured and bound me and put me in their big pot and made a fire under it. I was standing in water about up to my waist. It was getting hotter and hotter while the cannibals danced around the pot. The water started boiling and steaming—"

"With you in it?" John gasped.

"Oh, I happened to have on my specially devised thermal-unit refrigeration suit. The boiling water was quite comfortable."

"What did you do then?"

"Well, I happened to have a machine-tool, transistor-operated electric drill in the heel of my upbuilt shoe—"

"I know!" John cried. "You drilled a hole in the bottom of the pot and let the water out. It put out the fire, and under the cover of all the steam it made, you escaped."

"Exactly," Uncle Elmo said.

John laughed so hard he rolled over on his back. "There are 10,000 things the matter with that story," he said.

"I might have exaggerated a little. It *looked* like 30 cannibals. Maybe there were only 27—"

"There weren't any cannibals at all, Uncle Elmo. Not in Patagonia. And breadfruit and coconuts don't grow there. It isn't even a jungle."

Uncle Elmo sighed. "A man just doesn't have a chance any more."

PROFESSOR O.G. WOTASNOZZLE

KNOCK! KNOCK!

AT LAST! THE WORLD'S MOST POWERFUL MAGNET!

WHO'S THERE?

BASH!

WHAT'S THE BIG IDEA?

THAT'S AN EVICTION NOTICE! YOU HAVEN'T PAID YOUR RENT IN 9 7/8 YEARS!

WAIT! YOU CAN'T THROW ME OUT NOW! I HAVEN'T FINISHED MY NEW MOLECULAR RE-ARRANGER THAT CHANGES GARBAGE BACK INTO FOOD!!

JUST THINK... ONLY ONE TRIP TO THE SUPERMARKET DOES IT FOR A LIFETIME!

OUT! YOUR INVENTIONS ARE STUPID! WHY DON'T YOU INVENT 9 7/8 YEARS' BACK RENT?!!

WAIT! YOU STRUCK ME! ACCORDING TO THE **CODE DUELLO** IT'S **MY** CHOICE OF WEAPONS!

? ? ? ?

CODE DUELLO?

CERTAINLY! THE RULES OF DUELLING SPECIFICALLY STATE THAT **I**, AS THE INJURED PARTY, HAVE THE CHOICE OF WEAPONS!

A DUEL? WITH W-**WEAPONS?**

RIGHT! I CHOOSE GOLF CLUBS AT DAWN!

AT THE COUNTRY CLUB, OF COURSE!

I'LL PLAY YOU A GAME OF GOLF—DOUBLE OR NOTHING! JUST THINK... IF YOU BEAT ME, YOU CAN THROW ME OUT FOR OWING 18 1/8 YEARS' RENT!

IT'S A DEAL! I **KNOW** I CAN BEAT YOU BECAUSE YOU'VE NEVER PLAYED GOLF IN YOUR **LIFE!**

THAT NIGHT

HEH HEH! I'VE PUT MAGNETIZED STEEL NEEDLES IN OUR GOLF BALLS AND NOW I'LL PUT ONE OF MY MIGHTY MITE MAGNETS IN EACH OF THE 18 CUPS!

BY MEANS OF THIS ELECTRO-MAGNETIC POLE REVERSER I CAN CAUSE **MY** BALL TO BE DRAWN **INTO** THE CUP... AND MAKE **SAPPO'S** BALL POP **OUT!**

HEH HEH! I CAN CONTROL THE FLIGHT OF THE BALL, TOO! HEH HEH!

CLICK!

NEXT MORNING

I'LL HIT FIRST, PROFESSOR, AND SHOW YOU HOW IT'S DONE!

HEH HEH!

1 325 YDS

UGH!

SWOOOOSH!

THHHHHHP!

CLICK!

I MUST HAVE DRIVEN INTO THE WOODS! I'LL HAVE TO TAKE A 2 STROKE PENALTY AND HIT ANOTHER!

HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH

?

?

?

SWISH!!!

OOF

THHHHHHP!

CLICK!

I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT! I KNOW THIS IS A TOUGH COURSE, BUT I NEVER HAD THIS MUCH TROUBLE BEFORE!

320 YDS

I'VE LOST ALMOST 18 BALLS AND I'M NOT EVEN OFF THE FIRST TEE!

HEH HEH HEH HEH HEH

I BETTER LET HIM AT LEAST **HIT** THIS ONE!

OH, OH! THE LITTLE RUNT REALLY **LASHED** THAT ONE!

@☆%!▯*WHW! IT'S HOOKING INTO THE WOODS! I CAN'T AFFORD ANY MORE PENALTY STROKES! I'LL **HAVE** TO FIND IT!

CLICK!

O.K.! I'LL HIT WHILE YOU LOOK!

BONK

CLICK

TINK

THUB

POK

SPLUSH

AW, C'MON! THIS IS FOR **MONEY!!**

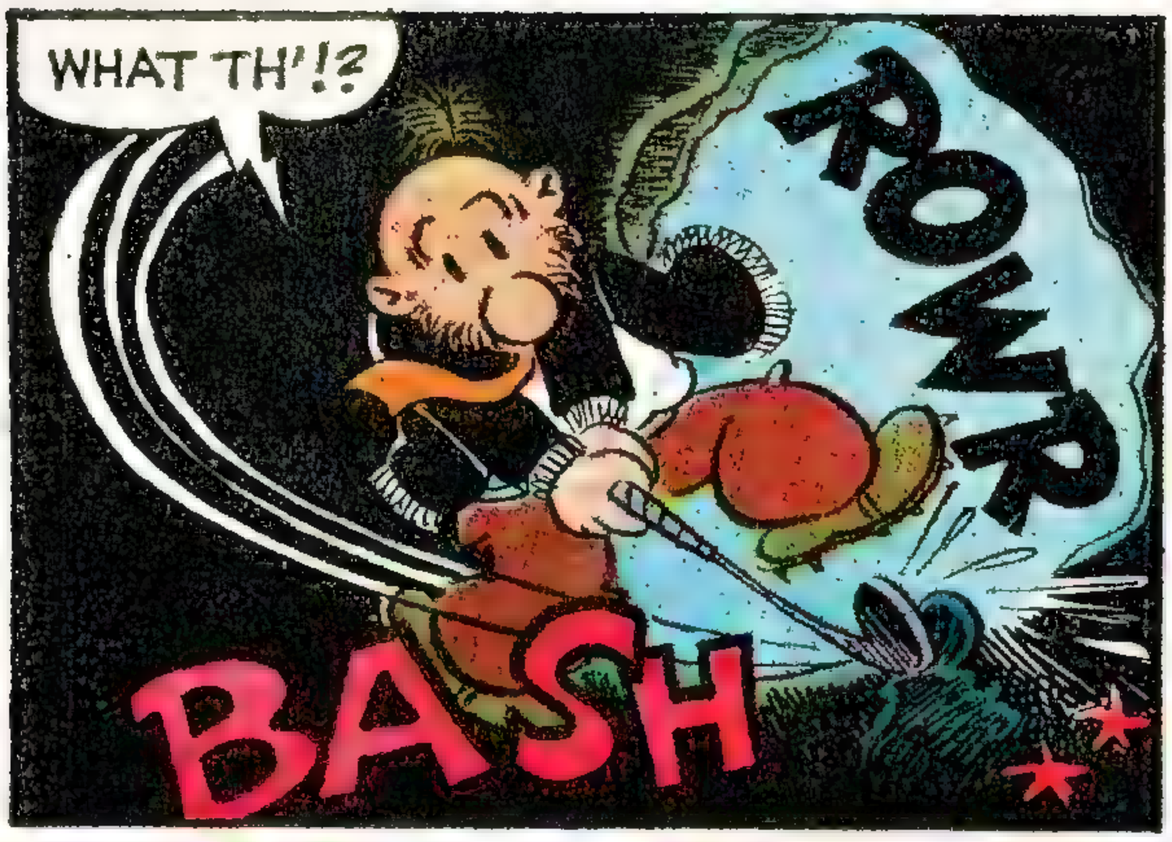
1

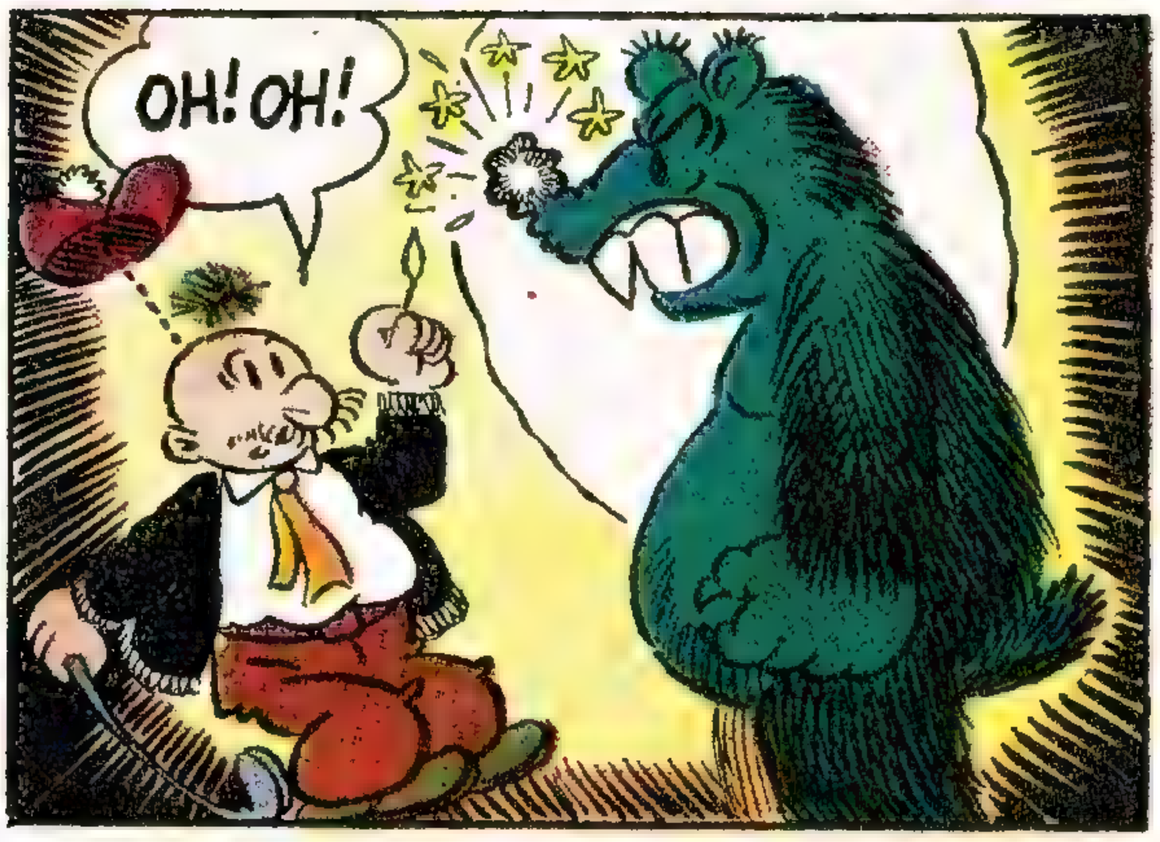
PLOP!

I THINK I SEE MY BALL SHINING UP THERE IN THAT HOLLOW TREE!

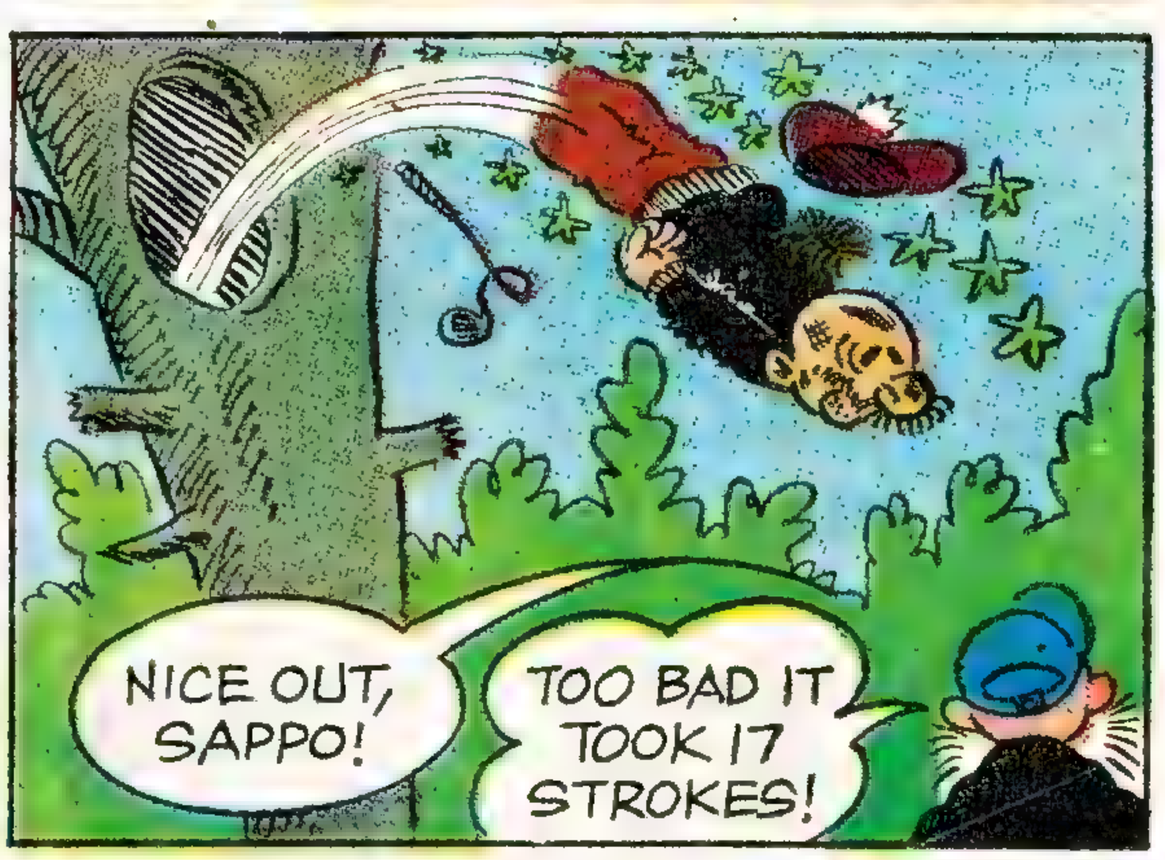
YOU HAVE TO HIT IT WHERE IT LIES!

HMMM! THIS IS GOING TO BE A VERY TOUGH SHOT!

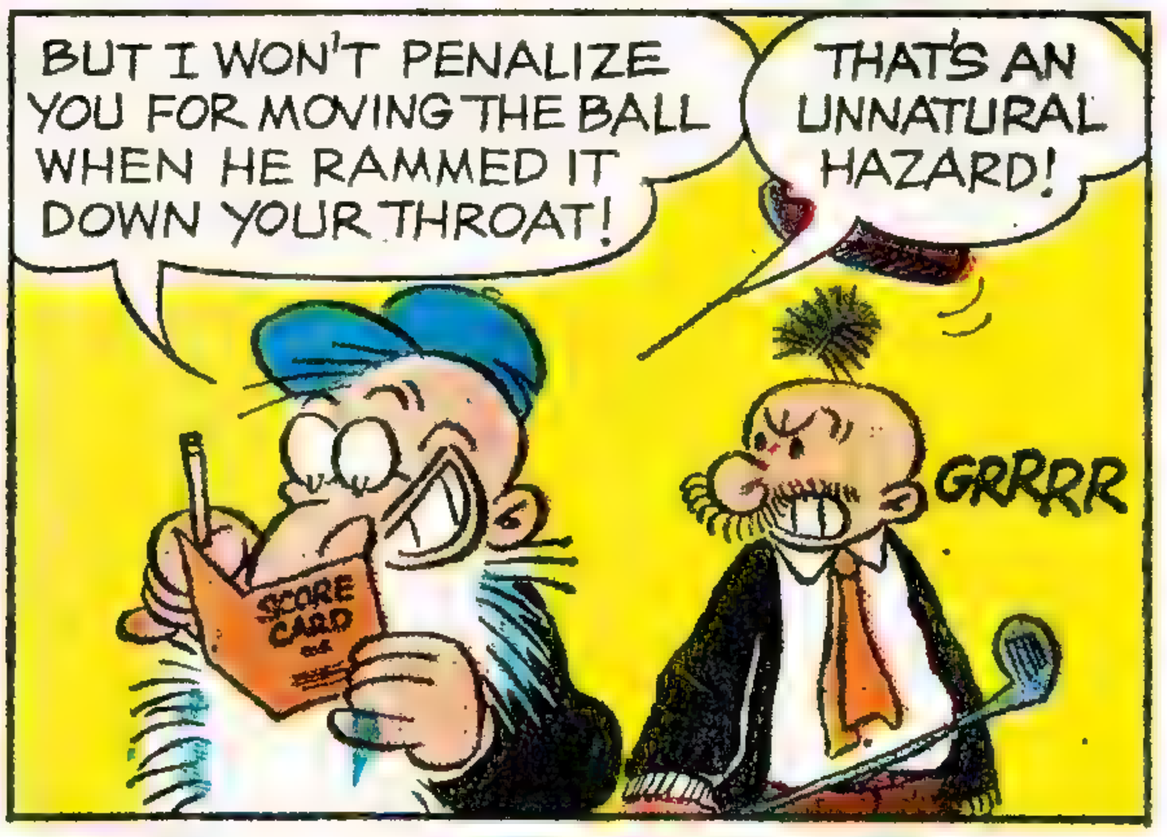

WHAT TH'!?
ROWR
BASH

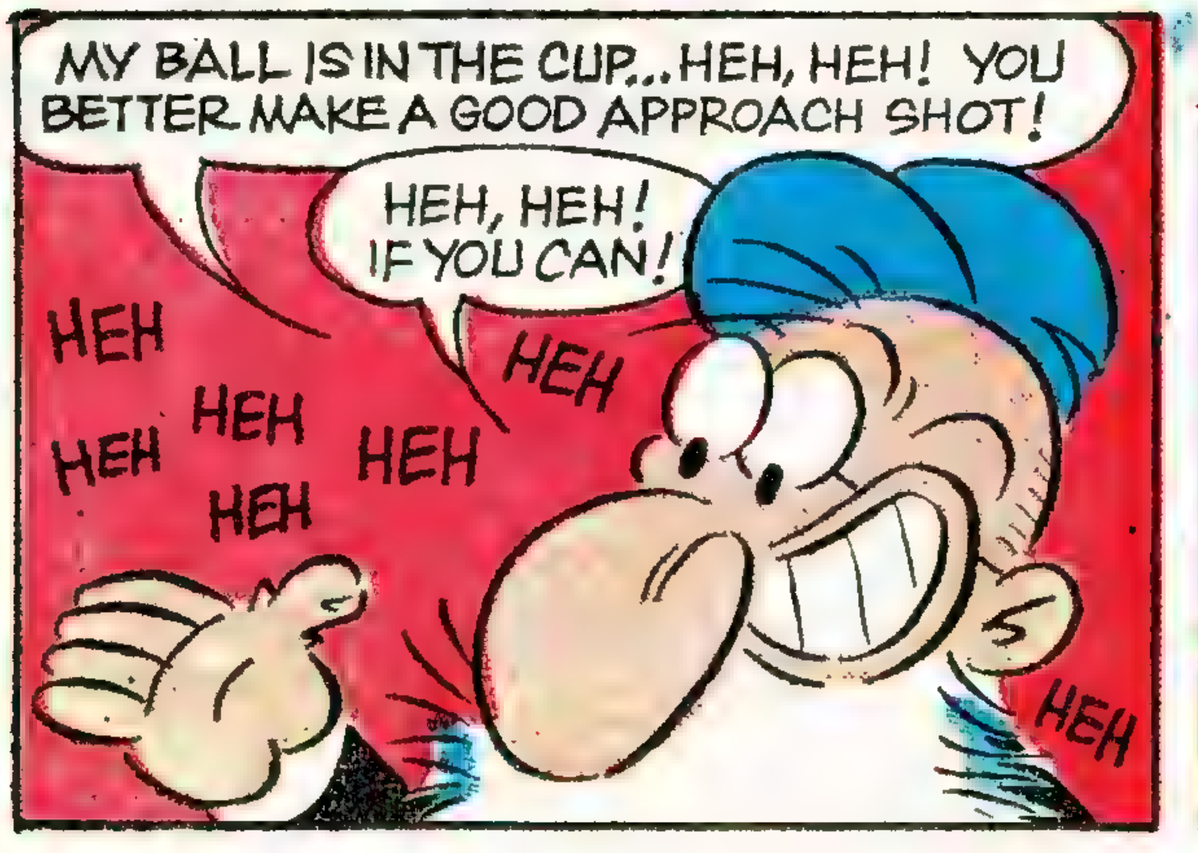

OH! OH!

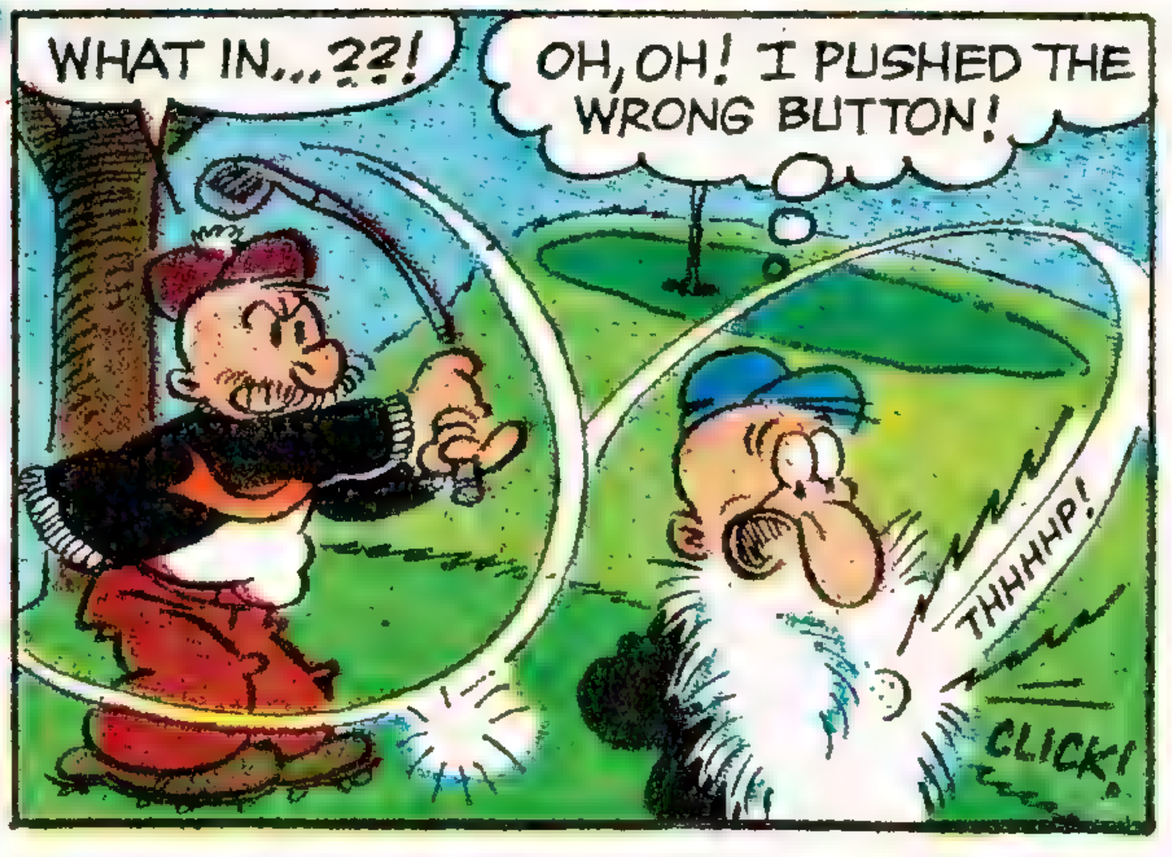
ROAR!
OUUWH!
WAK!
GROWF!
SMACK!
BASH!

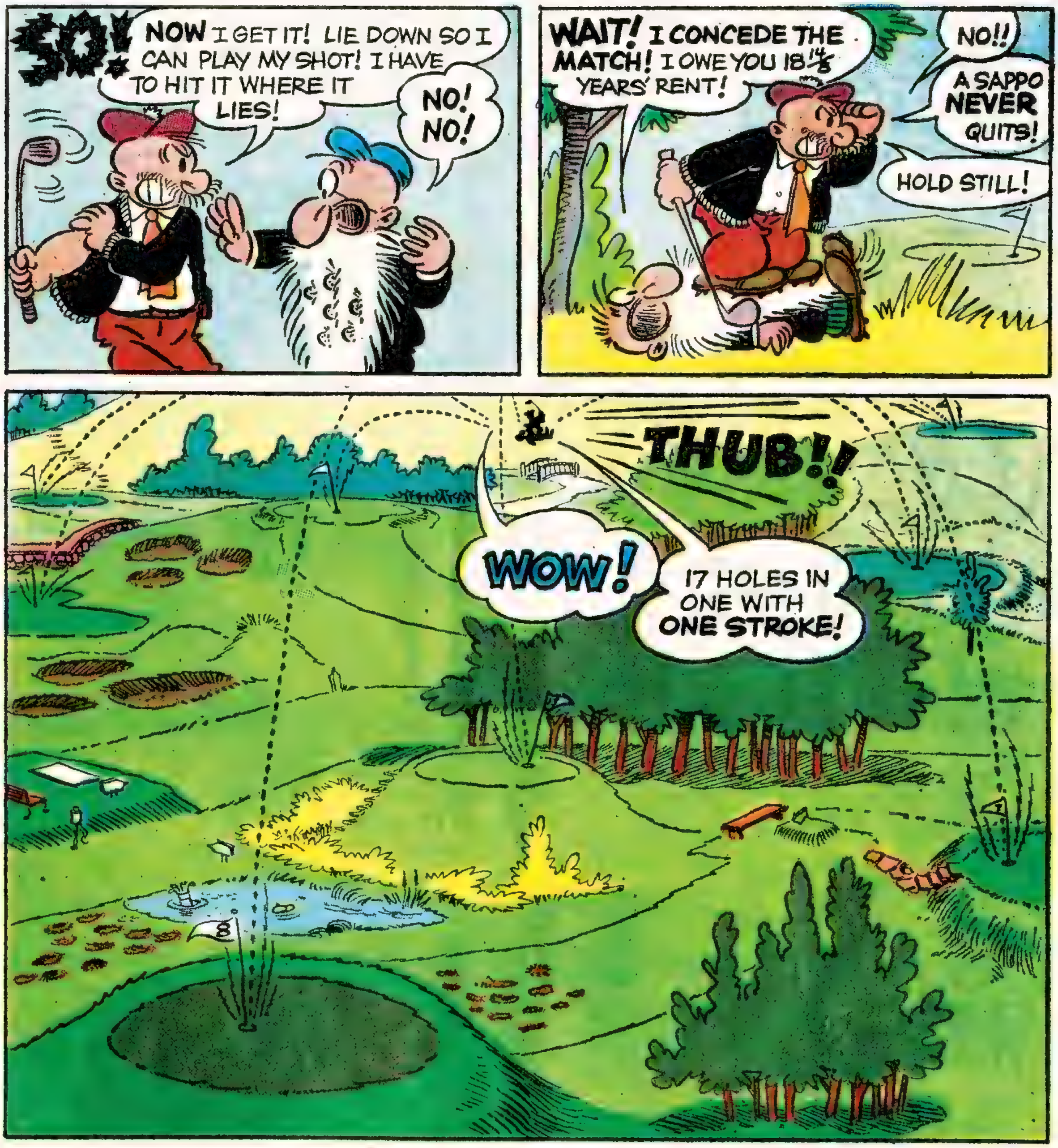

NICE OUT, SAPPO!
TOO BAD IT TOOK 17 STROKES!

YOU'RE NOT GOING TO COUNT THE 17 STROKES I USED ON THE BEAR!?
OF COURSE! THIS IS A GENTLEMAN'S GAME! EVERY STROKE COUNTS!

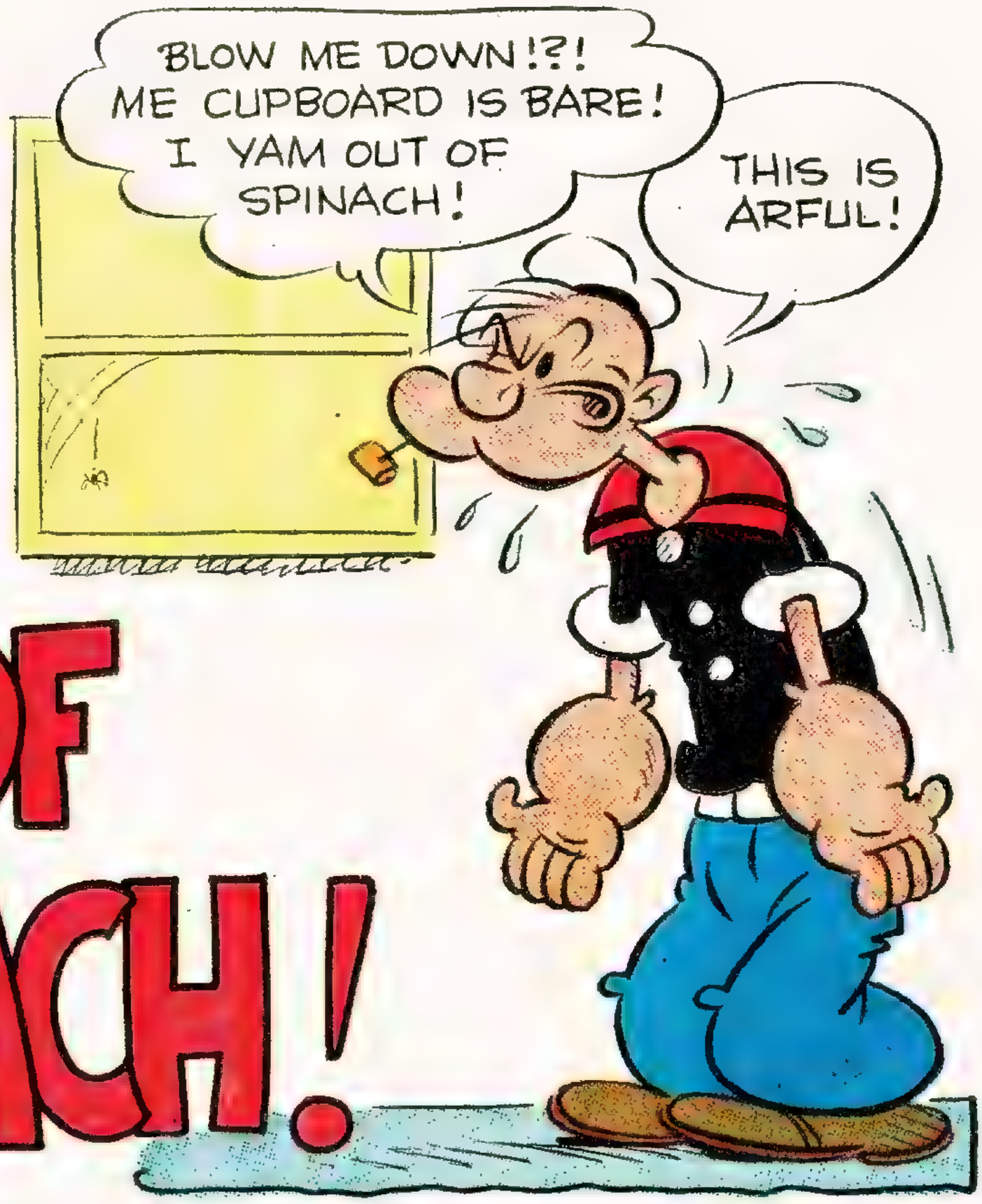

BUT I WON'T PENALIZE YOU FOR MOVING THE BALL WHEN HE RAMMED IT DOWN YOUR THROAT!
THAT'S AN UNNATURAL HAZARD!
SCORE CARD
GRRRR


MY BALL IS IN THE CUP...HEH, HEH! YOU BETTER MAKE A GOOD APPROACH SHOT!
HEH, HEH! IF YOU CAN!
HEH
HEH
HEH
HEH
HEH
HEH


WHAT IN...??!
OH, OH! I PUSHED THE WRONG BUTTON!
THHHHP!
CLICK!


NOW I GET IT! LIE DOWN SO I CAN PLAY MY SHOT! I HAVE TO HIT IT WHERE IT LIES!
NO! NO!
WAIT! I CONCEDE THE MATCH! I OWE YOU 18 1/4 YEARS' RENT!
NO!!
A SAPPO NEVER QUITS!
HOLD STILL!
THUB!!
WOW!
17 HOLES IN ONE WITH ONE STROKE!
8
LET'S SEE...I TOOK 71 STROKES ON THE FIRST HOLE AND ONE STROKE FOR ALL THE REST! I FINISHED THE GAME WITH A PAR 72! DO YOU GIVE UP, PROF?
YES...AS SOON AS YOU REPLACE THE DIVOT!

POPEYE AN' SWEE'PEA IN "ONE CAN OF SPINACH!"



GO DOWN TO THE STORE AN' GIT A CAN OF SPINACH FER LUNCH!

BAH!

JUS' CHARGE IT!

WHERE YA GOIN', KID?

I YAM GOIN' TO THE STORE TO GIT SUMPIN' FER LUNCH!

LITTLE KIDS DON'T WALK ON MY BLOCK!

POW

?

HA! HA! HA!

THAT'S IT! GO TO THE STORE SOME OTHER WAY!

HA! HA!

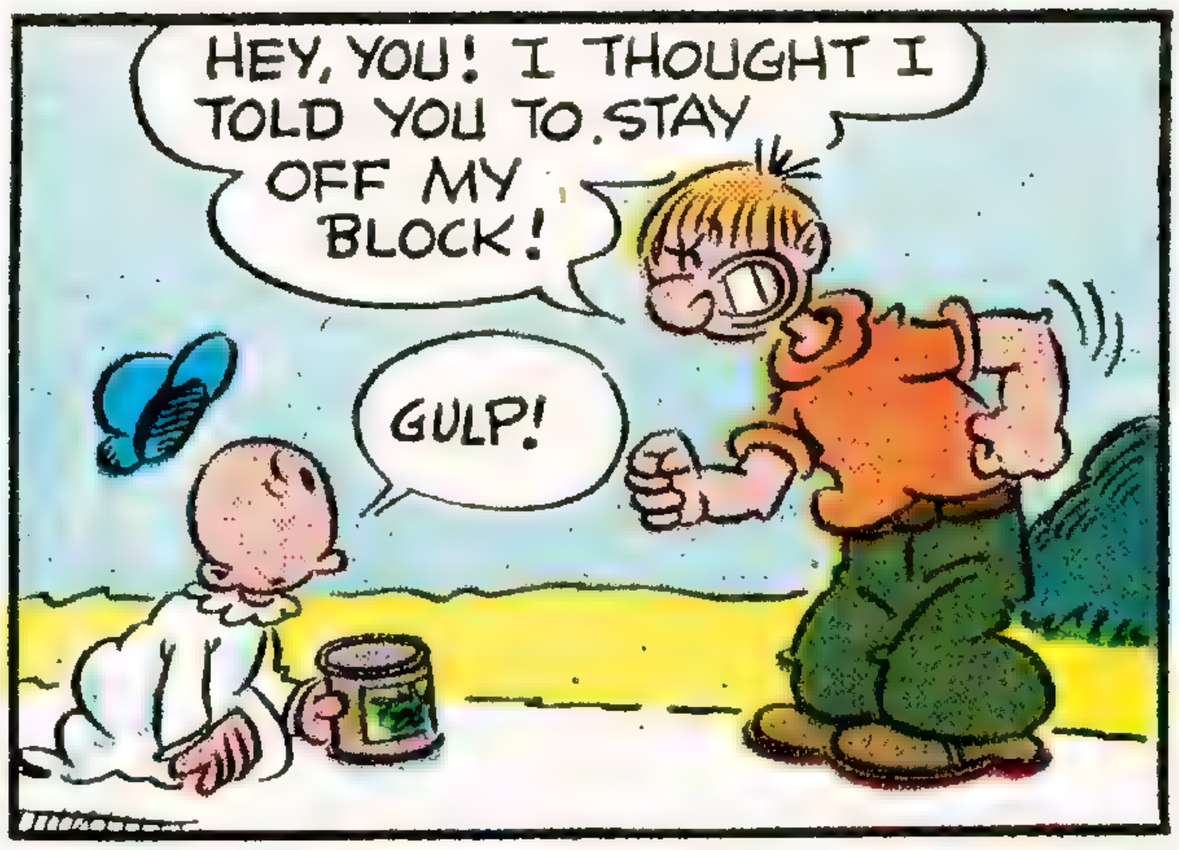
HERE YOU ARE! ONE CAN OF SPINACH!

POPEYE SAID TO CHARGE IT!

10¢

I'M NOT GOIN' TO WALK AROUN' 'AT BULLY'S BLOCK.. I'M GOIN' STRAIGHT THROUGH!

IF I DON'T RUN INTO HIM I'LL GIT HOME QUICKER!
HA!


HEY, YOU! I THOUGHT I TOLD YOU TO STAY OFF MY BLOCK!
GULP!

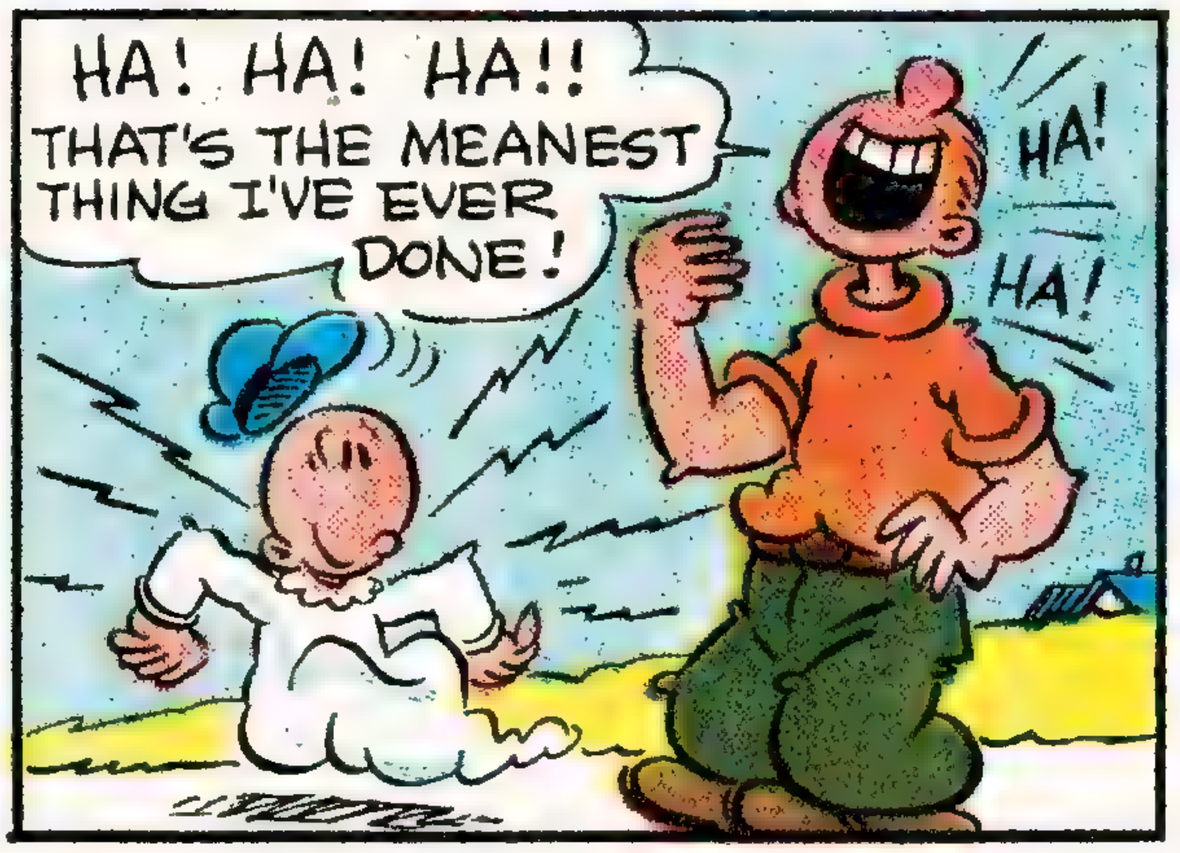
WHAT'S THIS YA GOT? HM?
S-P-I-N-A-C-H!!
WHAT'S 'AT SPELL?
?
?

COME ON, SHORTY! WHAT'S IN THE CAN? PEACHES?
IT'S SPINACH!

SPINACH! UGH! HA! HA! I'VE GOT A SWELL IDEA!
?
?

YOU KNOW WHAT YOU'RE GOING TO DO?
HUH?
POP

YOU'RE GOING TO EAT THIS HORRIBLE STUFF!
(GULP!) YA IS MAKIN' A BIG MISTAKE!
HA! HA!


HA! HA! HA!!
THAT'S THE MEANEST THING I'VE EVER DONE!
HA!
HA!

YA SHOULDN'T ORTA PICK ON LI'L KIDS!

?

?

?

AN' WHEN YA DOES, YA SHOULDN'T FEED 'EM SPINACH!

?

POW!

NOW I HASTA GO BACK AN' GIT ANOTHER CAN OF SPINACH!

BLOW ME DOWN!?! WHA'S WRONG WIT' THAT FARMER?

SPIN

WHERE IN HECK IS SWEE'PEA? HOW LONG DOES IT TAKE TO BUY A CAN OF SPINACH?

GORSH! WHA'S WRONG, MISTER FARMER?

WA-A-A! MY PLOW HORSE IS WORN OUT!

I CAN'T PLOW MY FIELDS!

WHY DOESN'T YA BUY A FRESH HORSH ?

I WON'T HAVE THE MONEY UNTIL MY CROP GROWS AND I CAN'T PLANT MY CROP UNLESS I PLOW!

GULP!

?

?

COME ON, MISTER FARMER.... CRYIN' WON'T GIT YER FIELD PLOWED!

?

OH, MY GOSH!? YOU MUST BE KIDDIN'!

?

YIPPEEEE!

SLOW DOWN, BOY... I CAN'T KEEP UP WITH YOU!

I YAM IN A HURRY!! POPEYE IS WAITIN' FER HIS LUNCH!

GR-R-R

GIMME ANOTHER CAN OF SPINACH, MISTER GUY!

GOOD HEAVENS, SWEE'PEA!? THAT'S THREE CANS IN TWO HOURS!

HM? THEY IS BUILDIN' A NEW ROAD!

CLANK!

BANG!

IT'S NO USE, SAM! WE'LL HAVE TO USE DYNAMITE!

?

THAT'LL PUT US BEHIND SCHEDULE!

!

?

!

WHA'S WRONG WIT' 'AT KID? THREE HOURS TO GO A HALF MILE TO THE STORE!

WHEN HE GITS HOME I YAM GO'NER HAVE TA PUNISH HIM!

HE IS GITTIN' TOO LAZY!

THIS IS THE FOURTH CAN! I HOPES I KIN GIT TO POPEYE THIS TIME!

SPIN.

THAT AIRYPLANE IS IN TROUBLE!

SPUT

SPUT

YIKE!! IT IS FALLIN'!

SPIN.

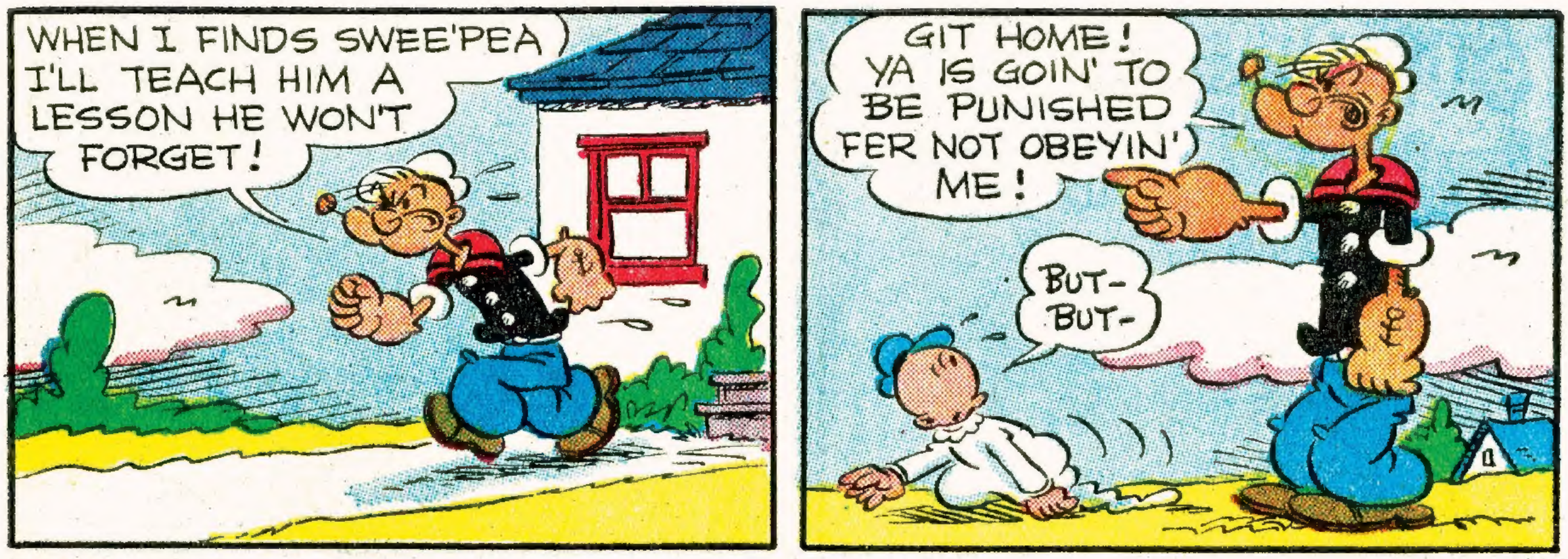
SPIN.

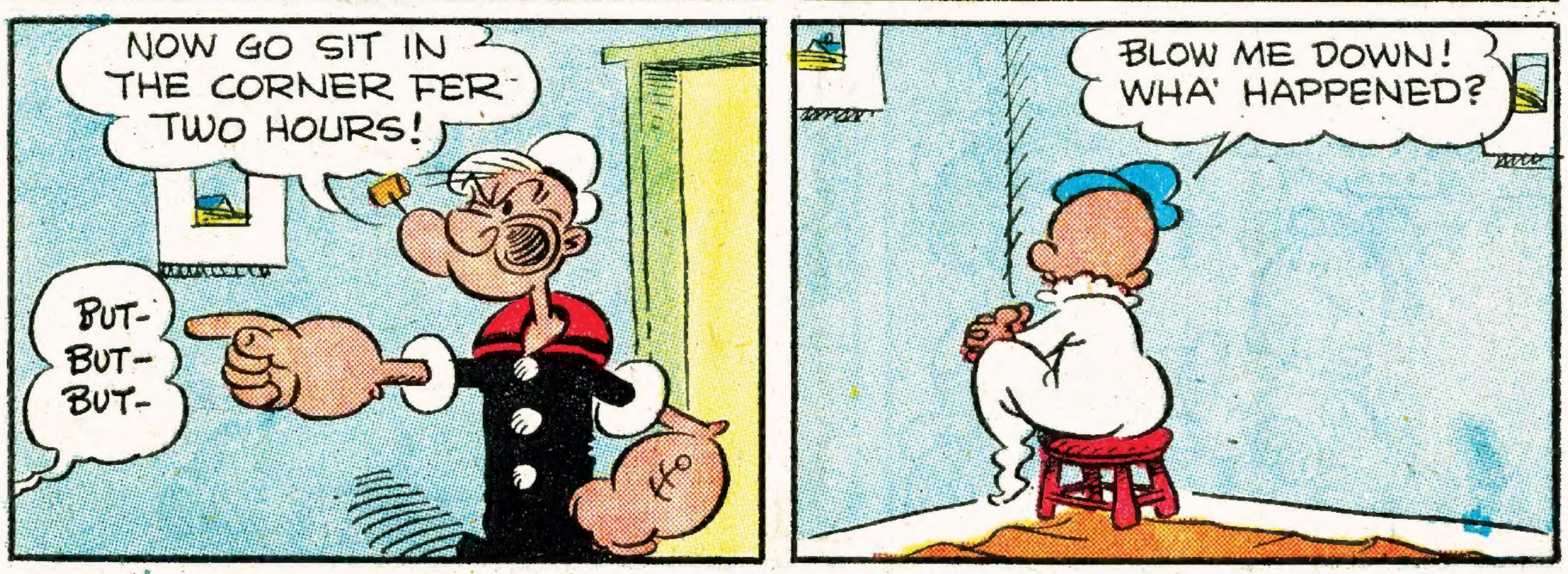
GOOD HEAVENS! WHAT A BRAVE LITTLE BOY!

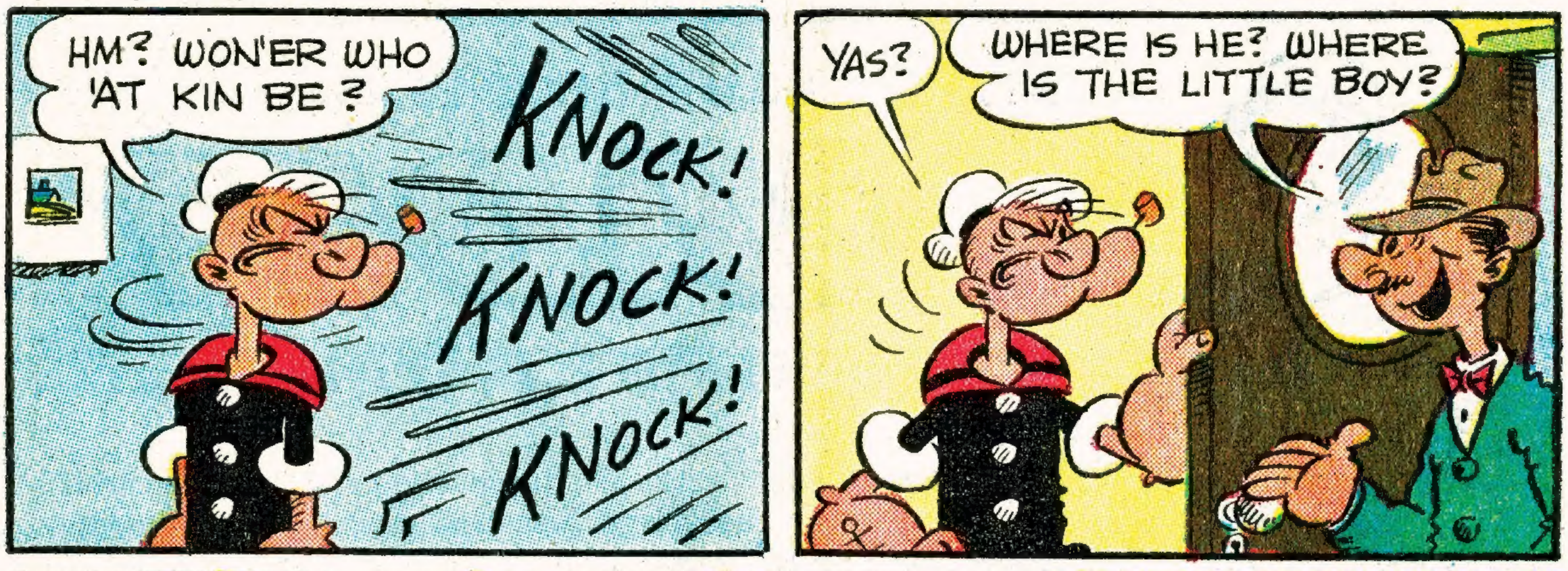
?

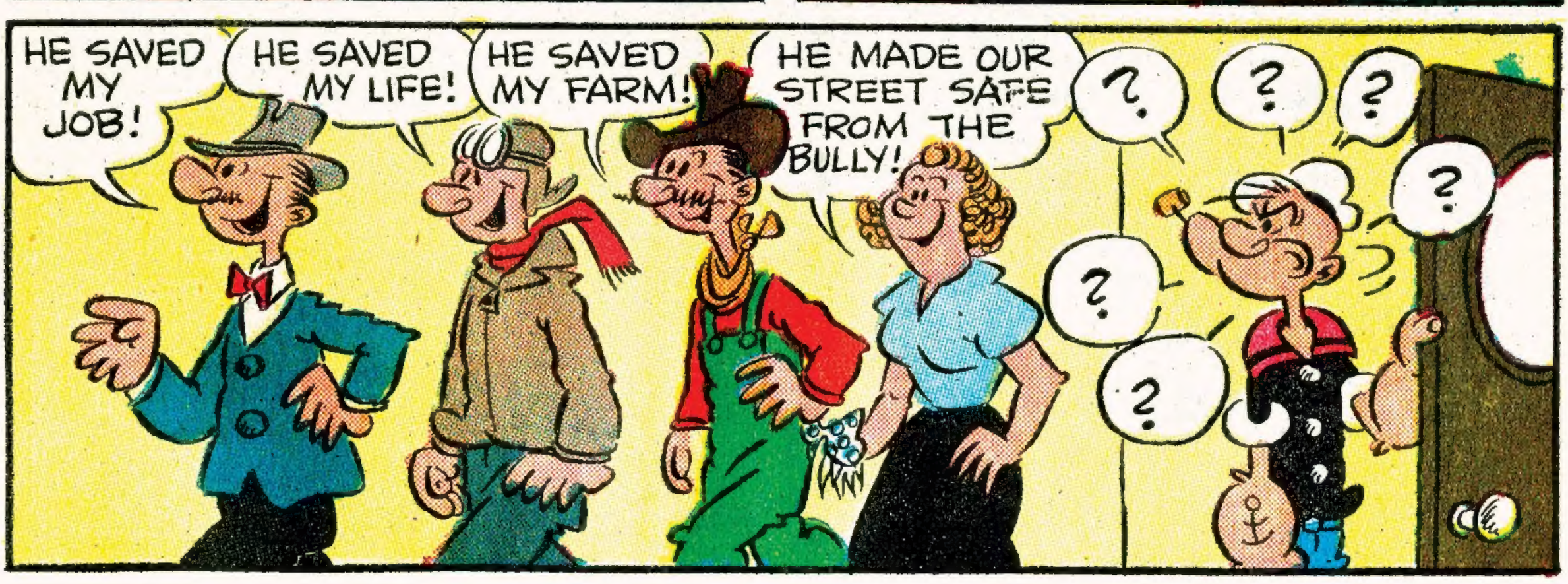
?

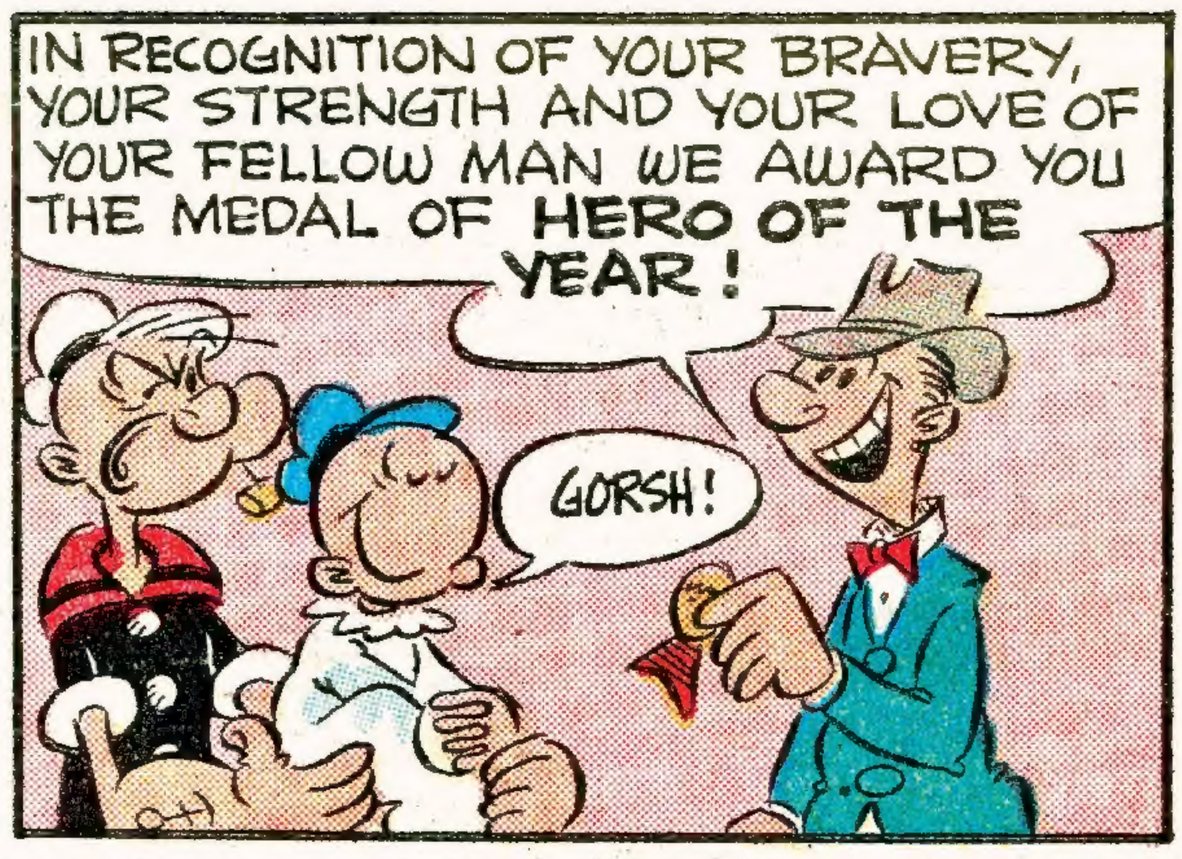
PLOP

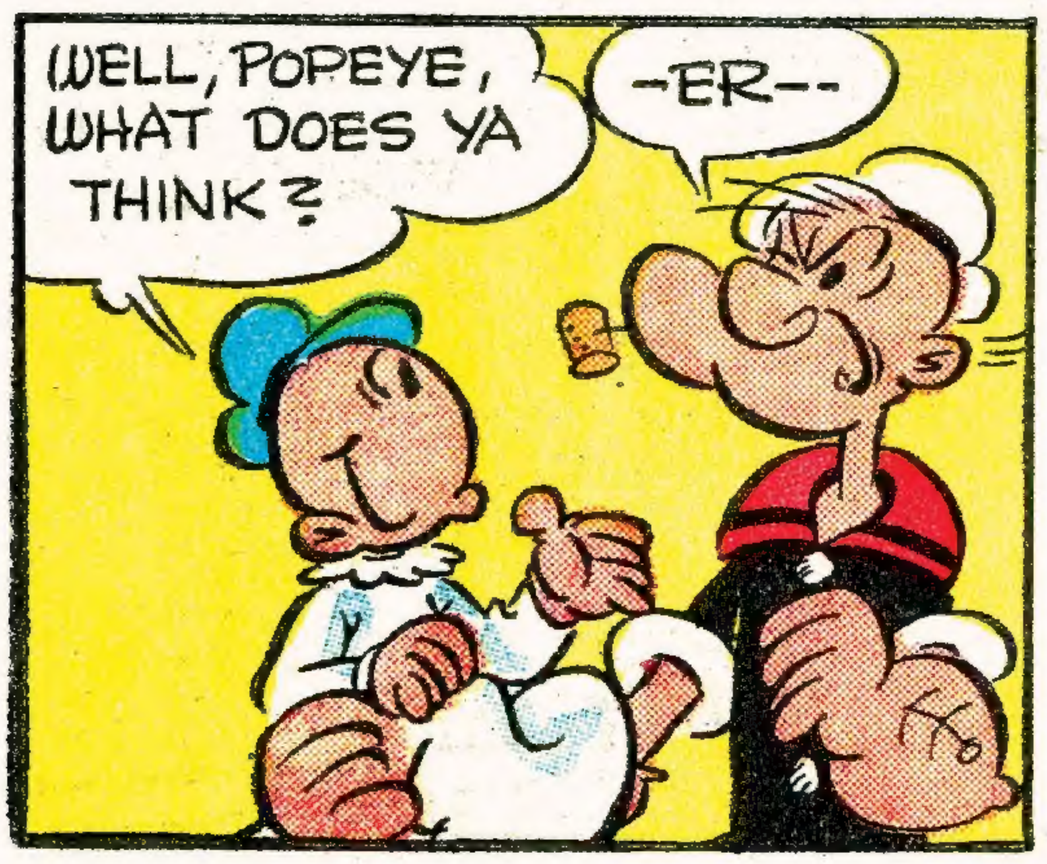

WHEN I FINDS SWEE'PEA I'LL TEACH HIM A LESSON HE WON'T FORGET!
GIT HOME! YA IS GOIN' TO BE PUNISHED FER NOT OBEYIN' ME!
BUT- BUT-

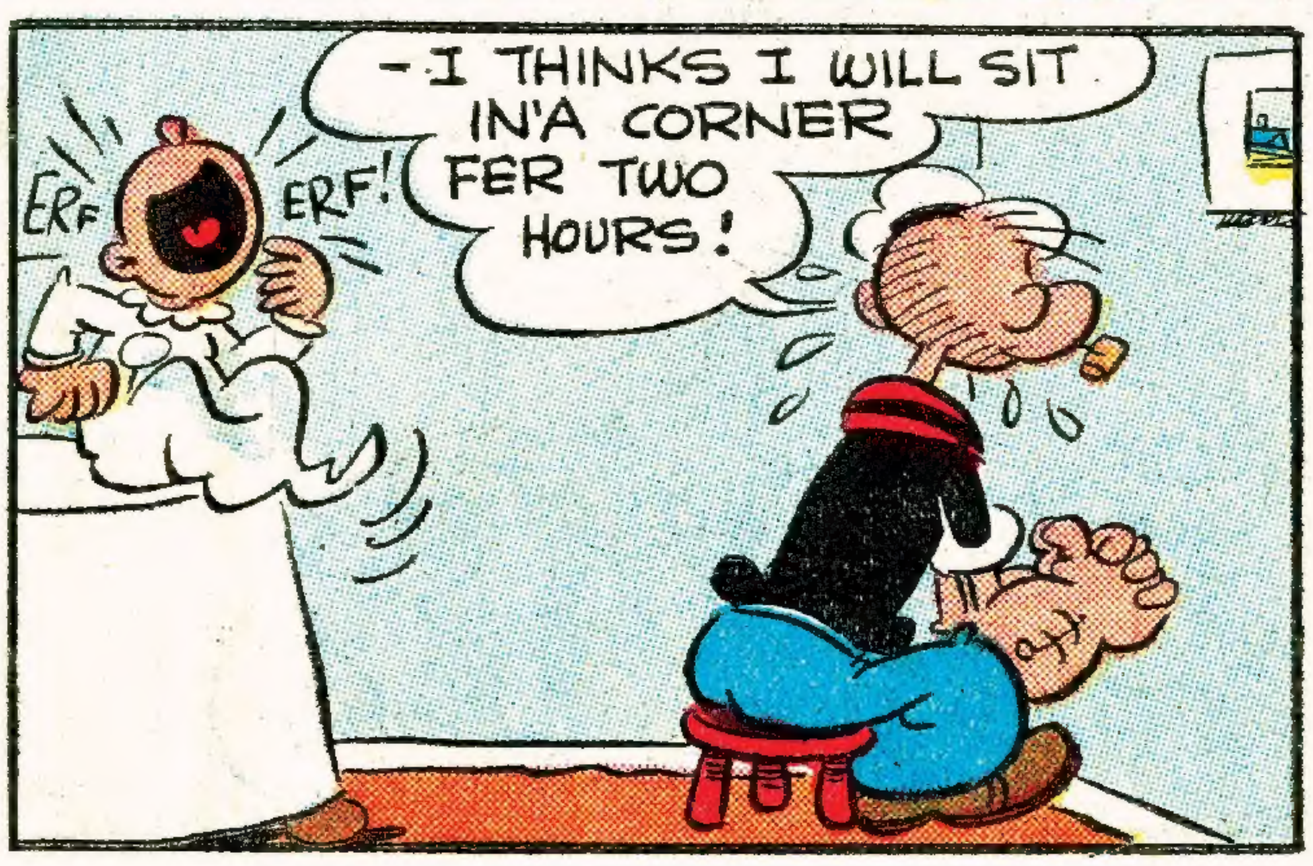

NOW GO SIT IN THE CORNER FER TWO HOURS!
BUT- BUT- BUT-
BLOW ME DOWN! WHA' HAPPENED?

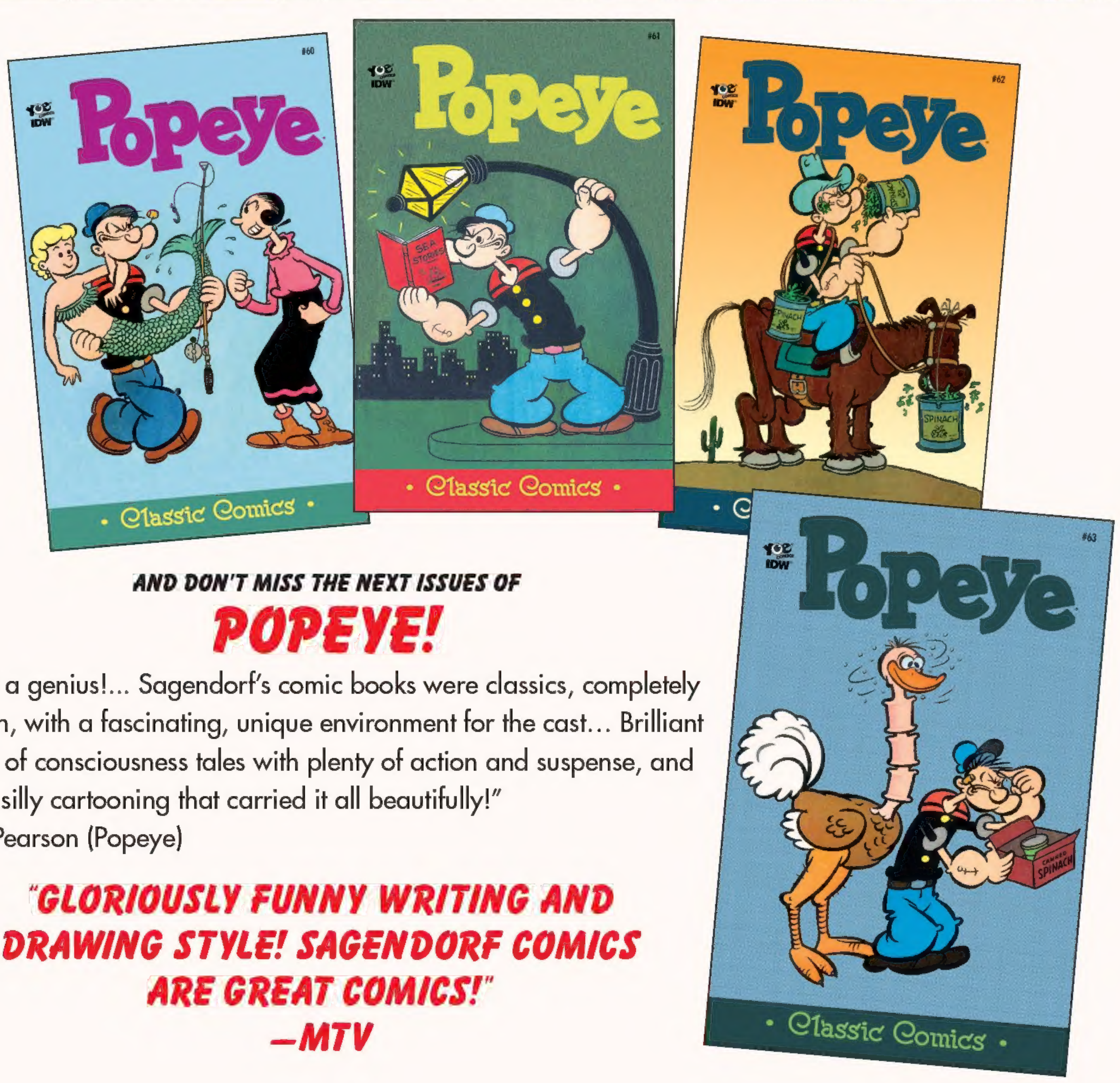

HM? WON'ER WHO 'AT KIN BE?
KNOCK! KNOCK! KNOCK!
YAS?
WHERE IS HE? WHERE IS THE LITTLE BOY?


HE SAVED MY JOB!
HE SAVED MY LIFE!
HE SAVED MY FARM!
HE MADE OUR STREET SAFE FROM THE BULLY!
?
?
?
?
?


IN RECOGNITION OF YOUR BRAVERY, YOUR STRENGTH AND YOUR LOVE OF YOUR FELLOW MAN WE AWARD YOU THE MEDAL OF HERO OF THE YEAR!
GORSH!







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